THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 68. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 720 RANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1888. $4.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 19

IF YOU WERE HERE!

BY WM. W. LONG.

If you were here with me,
Sweet face I can never forget!
If you were with me, dear,
I would stab to the heart Regret.

If you were here with me,
My soul's own tender bride,
I swear I would kiss you once,
Tho' I fell at your feet and died.

If you were here with me,
I would crush the hand of Fate,
And hold you to my lonely heart,
Though Death should be my mate.

A GOLDEN PRIZE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

"WHAT'S the matter?" demanded the major, for Lord Carr-Lyon had turned white to the lips.

"N—nothing," he said. "What the deuce should be the matter? I've—I've just remembered that I've left my cigar-case in the smoking-room."

"I'll go and get it, my lord," said the gardener, obsequiously.

His lordship cursed him.

"Wait until you're asked, will you?" he said. "I'll go and get it myself. Drive—drive round to the other entrance, will you, major? I'll join you there."

The major looked after him curiously as he hurried through the shrubs, then he looked towards the woman still more curiously.

"Never mind about this to-day," he said to the gardener. "Go and see if his lordship wants anything."

The man touched his hat and followed Lord Carr-Lyon, and the major, putting on a careless and affable air, sauntered down to the gate.

The woman at the lodge dropped a curtsey, and the stranger, who had been talking to her, drew back a little, eyeing the major with her black, anxious eyes.

"Nice day, Mrs. Hall," said the major, with his pleasantest smile. "Is this a friend of yours?" and he beamed upon Jess blandly.

"No, major; quite a stranger to me," the gatekeeper said deprecatingly. "She was just asking me if I knew a gentleman about here—a Mr. Claude—what was the name, ma'am?"

"Claude Hamilton," said Jess, looking at the major with steady scrutiny.

"Claude Hamilton!" repeated the major, as if he were trying to remember; and as he spoke he moved nearer the gate and out of hearing of the gatekeeper.

Jess followed him.

"Claude Hamilton," she said. "I beg your pardon, sir, but I heard that he—or someone like him—was in this place."

"Ahem! I seem to remember the name," said the major, as his cunning eyes took an inventory of her face and figure. "Yes, I certainly seem to remember the name."

A light seemed to break over the girl's face, and her lips trembled.

"Where is he?" she said, with suppressed eagerness. "Do you know him?—have you seen him?"

"Steady, my good woman!" said the major blandly. "I only said that I thought I remembered the name! What do you want with him?"

The woman tried to keep calm, but the workings of her face revealed her mental emotion.

"I—I want to see him, sir," she said, in a dry voice.

The major looked at her, and then at his boots. In an instant his ready brain, aided by the experience of human nature, had conjectured the state of the case.

"I really don't know," he said, "whether this is the same person. What is your friend like?"

"A young man about thirty, fair, rather thin, with sloping shoulders, and light eyes. He stammers a little," she said, with a catch in her voice.

The description was graphic enough to enable the major to identify Lord Carr-Lyon.

"Ah, yes! Dear me! you do mean the Mr. Hamilton who is staying here, Mr. Claude Hamilton?"

She made an anxious gesture of assent.

"Yes, just so. Oh, yes, I know him well! He has been staying here for some time——"

"Has been!" she echoed dully. "Then he isn't here now—not here in Sandford?"

"Certainly not," replied the major cheerfully. "He left Sandford two days ago."

Jess's hands clenched and she turned away.

"Do you know where he has gone, sir?" she asked, in a husky voice.

"Gone? Dear me, yes! He did tell me, but I've forgotten. Ah, yes, he went to London."

"To London!" she repeated wearily; then her eyes flashed, and she drew herself up as if with an effort. "To London! Thank you, sir; I am obliged to you!" and she turned to go.

"One moment," said the major blandly. "You seem very anxious to see Mr.—Mr. Hamilton?"

"I am anxious to see him—very!" she said.

"Are you—ahem!—are you any relation of his?" he asked affably.

"Relation? No!" she replied darkly. "But I know him, and he knows me!"

The major nodded, and his eyes looked more cunning than ever.

"I am sorry you have missed him," he said sympathetically. "If I should see him—I may be in London in a day or two—may I tell him that you were inquiring for him, and give him your name?"

She shook her head, then looked up suddenly.

"If you see him, you can tell him that Jess Playford was asking for him," she said; "that's all!"

"Certainly," said the major politely; "allow me to open the gate for you!"

She passed through, with the listless weariness that belongs to disappointment, and the major went back to the house, slowly, and with a curious smile on his face.

"His lordship's at the outer gate, sir," said the gardener, and there he found him, moodily biting his moustache and flicking the horse.

"What a deuce of a time you have been!" he said sullenly, and with a suspicious glance from the corners of his eyes.

"Yes," said the major cheerfully, as he got into the dog-cart. "I've been talking to the woman who stood at the lodge."

Lord Carr-Lyon changed color.

"Oh!" he said.

"Yes. Good-looking woman, but singular. Seems to be on the look out for someone."

His lordship's face twitched.

"Yes," continued the major. "Wants a Mr. Claude Hamilton—don't whip that horse so much my dear fellow, or he'll upset the cart."

"The horse is all right; do you think I don't know how to drive! What was the name?"

"Hamilton—Claude Hamilton. Ever heard it before?"

"Never," said his lordship.

"Ah! Well, I'm glad I am not that individual, anyway; for if ever a woman meant mischief, that lady does."

"What—what did she say?" demanded his lordship, staring straight before him.

The major watched him sideways.

"Not much; only charged me to tell Mr. Claude Hamilton, if I saw him, that a certain Jess Playford was looking for him."

Lord Carr-Lyon's face turned white, then red.

"What's this rot got to do with me—or you?" he demanded.

"Nothing, of course; nothing!" said the major.

* * * * * *

Kate was a girl of spirit, and after her first burst of tears she went on her way, indignant with and ashamed of herself.

That her father was right, and this young man, with the handsome face and frank eyes, was utterly worthless—and a deceiver—there could be no doubt. Why, he had told her that he knew no one in England, and had no friends, and immediately after she had left him this woman had met him, and evidently claimed him as an old friend.

A strong revulsion of feeling set in with Kate. That she should have wasted her sympathy on a person who had deceived her, made her heart throb fiercely, and her cheeks burn.

But she was trembling still with the emotion which her meeting with this man, Mr. Clifford Raven, had produced. She had only seen him thrice, and yet it seemed to her as if he had been part and parcel of her life for years past.

She had listened to every word he had spoken as if every word were precious; she could remember every expression of the handsome face, the quick, frank glance of the dark eyes, the smile—half sad, half humorous—which glided across his lips.

Kate had never been in love, and she did not ask herself whether she was in love now; all she did, as she walked swiftly on, was to try and forget Clifford Raven and the strange woman whom he had greeted as an old friend.

It was past lunch time when she reached the Lodge, tired, yet thrilling with a strange excitement. The major came out from the dining-room to meet her, a decanter in one hand and a glass-cloth in the other. The major was very particular about his wine, and made a point of decantering it himself, and polishing up the glass.

"Oh, here you are, Kate!" he said, in a bustling way. "Where have you been? I have been looking for you for the last hour."

He spoke quite pleasantly as if he had completely forgotten her refusal to accompany him to Lydcote.

"I've been on the cliffs, papa," she answered; then stopped short as she saw the dining-room table covered with bottles and what looked like preparations for dinner. "What is the matter?"

"Matter? Nothing! Lord Carr-Lyon dines with us to-night, that's all," he said. "You have no objection, I suppose?" he added, as her face, always so eloquent, clouded over.

"No, papa," she said quietly; "but it is very short notice, is it not? If I had only known——"

"Well, as you were not here, I couldn't very well tell you, could I?" he retorted. "But you needn't worry about it. I've seen to everything, and ordered the dinner. Just a little soup and a bit of fish and a bird. Carr-Lyon understands that we are plain people, and that we sha'n't make a fuss."

"Very well," she said, and taking off her hat and jacket, she began to assist him.

"I've been over to Lydcote," he said, holding a decanter up to the light, and carefully avoiding her eyes. "It's a splendid place, Kate—splendid! There won't be another like it in this part of the county, at any rate. Lord Carr-Lyon has spared no expense nor trouble. I never saw such decorations and furniture. He was very much disappointed that you didn't come—very much. He sets so much upon your approval, and thinks no one has so much taste as Miss Kate Meddon!"

"I don't know why he should, seeing that he knows so little about me," said Kate.

"Oh! he's very observant and appreciative," said the major, with a nod; "he's sharper than you think him, Kate, I can tell you. Then as she made no response, he said pleasantly, "Where did you go this morning?"

"Over the cliffs, and across the heath home," sighed Kate.

"Oh!—nice walk this fine morning. Did you meet anyone?"

Kate hesitated for a second. She was reluctant to mention her meeting with Clifford Raven, with the reluctance of a wounded man to touch his hurt; then, with a faint color, she forced herself to answer:

"Yes; I met Mr. Raven."

The major set down the glass he was polishing, and his face paled. Then he turned to the sideboard quickly, and, with his back to her, said:

"Oh! you met Clifford Raven, did you? Did you—er—did you speak to him?"

"Yes," said Kate, in a low voice, "I could not well help it. He was sitting in the alcove on the cliff, and I could not pass."

"I see, I see," he said, in an affectedly careless tone, though he was filled with anxiety, and the glass in his hand shook. "Did he—did he—mention my name?"

"Not in particular," said Kate, her head bent over the plate in which she was arranging some dessert.

"And—and did he say what he was going to do?"

"Yes. He said that he was going to leave England at once," she replied.

The major drew a long breath of relief. So Desmond Carr-Lyon was going to leave England—and at once. There was no need then for any further apprehension. Such a man was not likely to return. For the present, at any rate, all was safe.

He looked at her in the glass, and eyed her keenly.

"What else did he say?" he asked.

Kate was silent a moment.

"I can scarcely remember; nothing in particular," she said.

"And did you see him go?—did you stay long with him?" he asked. "I am sorry you met this—this man again, Kate. I—er—think I intimated this morning that he was not the kind of—er—person I should care for you to become—er—acquainted with."

"Yes," said Kate; "but remember, papa, that I met him here last night—in this room; and that you introduced him as an old friend. I could scarcely pass him without a word."

"True, true," said the major awkwardly; "but—ahem!—one must make distinctions. I may have met many men I shouldn't care for you to know. Was—er—was he alone?—but of course, he was alone."

Kate might well have answered, "Yes, he was alone;" but she was a truthful girl, and hated deception.

"He was alone when I met him, papa; but after I had gone, a lady—a woman—passed me and joined him."

The major started.

A thief fears an officer in every bush, and everything connected with Desmond Carr-Lyon had a terrible interest with the major.

"A woman—not a lady—some one he seemed to know! That's strange—I mean I didn't think he knew any one here in Sanford. What sort of a woman?"

"Rather a young woman," said Kate; "with dark black eyes and dark hair, and ——"

The major started again, and a queer look came into his cunning eyes. He detected under Kate's quiet, suppressed manner a certain sadness.

Did she suspect anything in connection between Desmond Carr-Lyon and this woman?

Black eyes and dark hair! Could it have been the woman with whom he had talked in the Lydcote drive this morning? If so he could turn this incident to account.

It seemed to him that Kate was taking a very strange but keen interest in Desmond; if so, the sooner he stifled that interest the better.

"Ah! Dear me! Tut, tut!" he said, shaking his head with an air of outraged virtue. "He that's the business, is it?"

"What do you mean, papa?" she asked, raising her eyes to his face with a strange look of dread.

The major shook his head again.

"I don't like to convict anyone on mere suspicion. Judge not, in case you should be judge, you know. But I'm afraid things looks rather black against Des—against Clifford Raven."

"What things look black?" she asked, her face growing paler, her lips set, and her eyes meeting his with painful intentness.

"Well, I put it to you, Kate; you are quick at putting two and two together. You say you saw the woman and Clifford Raven talking together—a dark woman. But wait; shall I tell you what she was like?"

"Have you seen her too, papa?" asked Kate.

"Judge for yourself. Was this woman of yours rather tall, with jet-black eyes, with a hard, wildish kind of look in them? Did she wear a black hat with a red wing in it, and a brown jacket with fur on it?"

Kate started.

"Yes," she said faintly.

The major shook his head again.

"Then it is as I expected and feared, Kate! I met this woman this morning," he went on gravely, and altering his tone without moving a muscle, "just after I left the house! She stopped me, and asked me if I knew of anyone called Clifford Raven here in Sandford." He stopped, and his cunning eyes shot a glance at her face, which had grown painfully intent. "I did not answer her at once, Kate, for I naturally wanted to know somethir g about her before I gave Clifford away, so to speak, and, I'm sorry to say it, my dear, but I'm afraid my friend Clifford is a worse man even than I took him for."

There was a chair standing near her, and Kate dropped into it, and crossed her hands on the table. Her heart was beating painfully; she could not speak.

"A very bad lot," said the major impressively. "You don't know much of the world, Kate, thank goodness, but you know enough to form some idea of the state of the case. Here is a man wandering about the place, evidently flying from something or other, and here is a women of—er—this woman's type in pursuit of him! I say it looks bad, very bad!"

There was silence for a moment, then Kate forced herself to speak.

"Do you think that this—this poor woman is Clifford Raven's wife, papa?" she asked, trying to speak indifferently.

The major shook his head.

"I can't say, Kate! I don't know! Very likely! But, at any rate, she must be very closely connected with him, poor woman! Yes, I'm afraid Clifford Raven is an out-and-out bad 'un! I'm sorry to say this, Kate, for I've half an idea that—ahem!—that you were rather interested in him last night, eh?"

Kate raised her truthful eyes and met his small, cunning ones steadily.

"Yes, papa," she said in a low voice, "I was interested in him. He looked so poor and—and sad, and seemed to be so friendless."

"All his own fault, my dear," said the major solemnly, "all his own fault. Depend upon it that when a man is—er—poor and friendless, as you describe it, that he has only himself to blame."

There was silence for a moment; the major, while apparently looking hard at the decanter, kept his eyes fixed on the pale, beautiful face.

"I'm sorry to tell you all this, Kate, but—er—I feel that it is my duty, and now that you know the kind of man this Clifford Raven is, I hope you wont waste any more pity on him."

Kate rose, and put back a wisp of hair that had strayed on her forehead, and with the action she seemed to put away from her the whole subject.

"No papa, any pity I may have I shall expend on the poor woman. I never want to hear Clifford Raven's name again."

"Quite right, my dear Kate; quite right! Just what I should have expected of you," said the major. "We won't talk of him again, and I'm very sorry that he should ever have turned up!"

Those were about the truest words the major had ever spoken!

Kate finished arranging her dessert in silence, and when it was done, went up to her own room.

She had said that she never wanted to hear Clifford Raven's name again, but notwithstanding the assertion, she could not prevent her mind from recurring to him.

She thought of him all the afternoon. While she was dressing the dinner with Ann, the cook, and while she was dressing, the young man's face would flash before her, its dark eyes gazing at her sadly, as if in reproach for her judgment of him. His voice—so gentle and grave, and to all seeming so true—rang in her ears; and it was almost with a sense of relief that she heard Ann knock at the door and announce the arrival of Lord Carr-Lyon.

She had paid little attention to her dress, for Kate, notwithstanding her beauty, was not a vain girl; but if she had spent hours in anxious thought concerning her toilet, she could not have looked more beautiful than she did in her plain dress of black lace, with its two or three bows of heliotrope, and the white Christmas rose in her bosom as its one ornament.

With a dull, half-numbed feeling, she went down to the little drawing-room, unconscious of her loveliness, and only anxious that the evening should be got through quickly.

Lord Carr-Lyon was leaning against the mantel shelf, his eyes fixed on the door with half-suppressed eagerness.

He was a fool—a weak and vicious fool—but—even fools can fall in love, and Lord Carr-Lyon had fallen in love with Kate with all the strength, or weakness, of his nature. Some instinct had told him that Kate was not the girl to be caught with actual glitter, and to-night he had dressed himself carefully.

He had discarded the heavy gold chain, and instead of the diamond solitaire which usually blazed in his shirt front, were plain pearl studs. His manner, too, was much quieter than usual, and, as he had, with a great effort, abstained from alcohol for the last few hours, the bold and offensive manner which ordinarily belonged to him was displaced for a quieter air.

He loved Kate with the whole strength of his weak nature, and if it had been necessary for him to choose between an earldom and her, he would have chosen her without a moment's hesitation. I am anxious to give the Right Honorable Earl of Carr-Lyon his due, and I give it.

He started upright as she entered, and took the little hand she gave him in his big paw, and actually forgot to stutter as he wished her good-evening.

And Kate, strange to say, felt less repugnance to him than usual. Her belief in Clifford Raven's baseness and unworthiness had, in some mysterious fashion, elevated Lord Carr-Lyon somewhat in her estimation.

"Dinner's ready," said the major cheerily. "Carr-Lyon will you give Kate your arm?"

The dinner, though a simple one, was admirably cooked and neatly served; and, as the major did almost all, the talking, there was no need for Lord Carr-Lyon to exert himself or display his lack of brains.

Kate sat almost silent through the whole of it, and at the appearance of the dessert rose and went into the drawing-room.

The two men, left to themselves, sipped their wine in silence for a few moments. Then Lord Carr-Lyon said:

"I shall speak to her to-night, major."

The major started, and raised his glass.

"You will, eh?"

"Yes," said Lord Carr-Lyon. "I have played the waiting game long enough. I shall ask her to-night. No, I won't take any more wine," he said, as the major pushed the decanter towards him; "I want to keep my head clear, Do you think I have much chance."

The major looked anxious, then he forced a smile.

"Yes, I think so. More to-night than any other, I fancy. I can't tell you why," he said, as the other made as if to speak. "I wish you luck, my boy."

Lord Carr-Lyon drank a glass of water, then rose.

"Leave us alone for a quarter of an hour," he said, and his usually foolish face looked almost intelligent. "You can come in then; for if—if I've won I shall have won by that time."

"Kate's rather—ahem!—difficult," said the major.

"I know," responded Lord Carr-Lyon more gravely than he usually spoke; "I know what I've got before me."

He stood for a moment or two in silence then he left the room.

Kate was sitting beside the fire, in an easy-chair, her hands crossed on her lap, her eyes fixed on the glowing embers. She was going over every word Clifford Raven had spoken, recalling every expression of the handsome face, and she started as if she had been awakened from a dream as Lord Carr-Lyon entered the room.

"I'm afraid I disturbed you, Miss Kate," he said.

"Oh, no," she said, rising and ringing the bell; "the tea will be here directly. Where is papa?"

"He has gone to write a letter," he said, and he went over and leant upon the mantel-shelf.

Jane brought in the tea, and Kate busied herself with the cups and saucers.

"Do you take sugar, Lord Carr-Lyon?"

"Thanks," he said; "yes, I take sugar."

Than all power of speech seemed to desert him. Kate gave him the cup of tea, and he stood and stirred it with his spoon until he threatened to grind the bottom of the cup out; then with a great effort, he said:

"Miss Meddon—Kate—I've come in before the major because I wanted to say something to you."

"Something—to me?" she said.

"Yes," he said, clicking his spoon against his cup. "Something of importance to me, and to you, Miss Kate."

There was silence for a moment, then he cleared his throat and gained courage.

"Miss Meddon—Kate—I don't think you can have been ignorant of my feelings towards you——"

Kate remained silent, her hands folded in her lap.

"I say," he continued, "I don't think you can have been ignorant of my feelings towards you, Kate—that is, Miss Meddon. I have loved you for—for—months past. I love you with all my heart and soul, and—and—I want you to be my wife!"

Kate's heart seemed to freeze in her bosom. Lord Carr-Lyon took a gulp of his tea and began again.

"I'm afraid I take you by surprise, but—but I'm in earnest, Kate—Miss Meddon! I've never seen any girl that I fancy—that I like but you! I've loved you ever since the first time I saw you! I've loved you with all my heart!"

He paused, struck by her silence and the statuesque attitude she had assumed.

"If you will be my wife I will do all I can to make you happy! Everything! I am an earl!"—he drew himself up and tried to look dignified—"I am a rich man, I think! Every want you may have shall be gratified! I'll study your every wish! I'll do everything you'd like me to do! I have had Lydcote altered and done up, and made fit for you, so that you might be near the major, but if you fancied any other place, I'd get it for you——"

"Oh, no, no," murmured Kate.

"But I would!" he responded. "I don't think anything too good for you—nothing! Only say the word, Miss Meddon—Kate—I'll do anything you want. I love you with all my heart! Only say you'll be mine—my wife——" he stopped, his face pale, his voice hoarse: he was very much in earnest.

Kate tried to remain calm and unmoved, but her emotion was too much for her.

"Lord Carr-Lyon," she said, after a pause, "you offer me all this——"

"All this and more!" he said eagerly. "Look here, you shall do what you like! I—I don't want to hurry you—I don't want to force you; only say that you'll try and—and—like me. I'll give you time, I'll—oh, Kate! I swear I love you——" and he put his hand upon her arm.

It was an unwise thing to do, for at his touch Kate shrank back, and her face grew white to the lips.

"Do not touch me—please," she said, with a little catch in her voice. "You—you have not heard what I wanted to say, Lord Carr-Lyon. You have offered to do all this for me, but you did not ask me if I could care for you. I cannot—I never could be your wife——"

He held up his hand, his face red, his eyes glittering.

"Stop, don't say it!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Let things be as they were: it shall be as if I hadn't spoken——"

"But you have spoken, and I—and I have answered," she said, in a low, pained voice, for his disappointment and anxiety touched her. "Oh, my lord, do not think any more about it. There are plenty of other girls you will care for——"

"No, there are not!" he broke in with an audible oath, and his hand clenched. "There is only one girl in the world for me, and you are her! But never mind Kate—Miss Meddon—we—we wont say more about it."

Kate moved toward the door, and opening it, passed out.

There was some one standing in the hall, between her and the stairs. It was the major.

"Hello, Kate!" he said with affected carelessness.

Then he turned his face towards her, and she saw it was white and anxious.

"Has—has Lord Carr-Lyon been speaking to you?" he asked abruptly, putting his hand upon her arm, so that he prevented her from going upstairs.

"Yes," she said with averted face.

"He has?" he exclaimed hoarsely; "and—and what have you said to him?"

"I have told him that I could not be his wife, papa," she said, gaining courage to look at him.

"What?" he said in a low voice. "What?" and the grip upon her arm tightened. "You told him—you refused him, Kate? You must be mad!"

"Papa, you hurt me!" she panted, for the strain upon her arm was painful.

"Hurt you!" he retorted; "and you don't hurt me by this—this cursed disobedience and wilfulness! Girl, do you want to drive me mad? Stop—you must stop and listen to me. Kate, you cannot, you dare not refuse Carr-Lyon!"

"Cannot—dare not!" she repeated, and the crimson flushed to her face.

"No!" he said, glancing first at her and then at the closed door; "no, Kate! The truth must out! That man—Lord Carr-Lyan, in there—is your master because he is mine!"

"Your master!" she repeated, leaning against the wall, and grasping the bannister rail. "Oh, papa, what is it you mean?"

"What I say," he responded, hoarsely. "I am in Carr-Lyon's power. He can ruin me at any moment,—will do so, unless—unless you consent to save me! Do you understand!"

Kate put her hand to her brow.

"No, I do not understand—I—I cannot! Why should this be?"—What have you done——?"

The major's face flushed.

"Ask no questions. I shall not answer them, once more, and for the last time, I say unless you marry Carr-Lyon, I am a ruined man! Will you do it, or will you not? What!—you hesitate! You must be mad! I—I—" and his voice began to break into a whimper, "I thought you cared for your poor old father a little, Kate! But I see it was all pretence! Well, well I'm an old man, and the disgrace—the ruin—won't have to be borne long! Go upstairs and leave me face it!"

She put her hand to her head and looked at him wildly.

"Oh! father you do not know what this is you ask me to do——"

"Don't I?" he snarled. "Is it so hard a thing to marry an earl—to be a countess—twenty-five thousand a year——"

She shuddered. They were as far asunder in nature and feelings as the Poles.

"Give—give me a minute!" she panted, and turning from him bent her head upon her arm, and hid her face.

The major watched her with cunning satisfaction. After a moment or two she looked up.

"Well, Kate, well?" he asked. "Will you do this? Will you save your poor old father——"

"I—I will do it," she breathed. "Yes, I will do it! But—but give me time—oh, give me time!"

"My own Kate, my brave girl!" he murmured, going to stroke her arm; but she shrank back from him. "Don't be afraid Kate! Of course you shan't be hurried—of course you shall have time. I daresay it does seem strange at first——"

As if she could not endure another word, she glided past him and up the stairs.

The major wiped his face and paused a moment outside the door; then he entered the room.

Lord Carr-Lyon was leaning against the mantel-shelf, his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets, his face sullen and downcast.

"Well, my boy," said the major cheerily; "where's Kate?—how has it gone?"

"Cursed bad!" replied Lord Carr-Lyon, biting his moustache. "Look here, major;

it strikes me me that when we reckoned upon Miss Kate, we reckoned without our host. You remember our little bargain ——"

"Hush!—yes, yes, my dear fellow," said the major, looking round quickly and apprehensively.

"You know what it was. You were to make that little affidavit about the death of Cousin Desmond, who stood between me and the earldom, and I was was to marry your daughter and hand over ten thousand pounds on the wedding day as part of the spell——"

"Yes, yes," said the major in a low voice. "Speak more gently; the servants——"

The young man laughed recklessly.

"I don't seem to care to-night if all the world heard me," he said angrily. "The long and the short of it is, major, that the game is spoiled, so far as I'm concerned—for Kate has refused me."

The major touched his arm and grinned.

"But you should have let me do it for you, Carr-Lyon! Refused you, has she? Well, she's taken the refusal back, and bids me tell you. I congratulate you, my dear boy! I do, indeed. For though she's my daughter, and I say it, there isn't another girl like her——"

By this time the frenzied man had recovered from his stupefaction of surprise.

"She—she consents! She—how—how did you get her to?"

The major smiled.

"That's between me and—and her, my dear boy. But she's yours—only don't hurry her! What about our bargain now?" and he laid his hand banteringly upon the young man's shoulder.

Lord Carr-Lyon drew a long breath.

"I'll—I'll make it fifteen thousand," he stammered. "I'll do anything——"

"Spoken like a man!" said the major with enthusiasm. "And—er—er—could you, my dear boy, let me have a small sum—say twenty pounds—on account?"

"Yes, I will by——" said Carr-Lyon, and he drew out a check book.

"Thank you—thank you," said the major, wiping his eyes. "And as you are—ahem!—writing it, perhaps you might as well make it fifty, my dear boy!"

"Yes, you shall have fifty!" said his lordship, and he filled in the slip.

The major, if not a very nice specimen of a father, was a sharp business man, for he had not only sold his daughter but drawn something on account!

CHAPTER IX.

DESMOND CARR-LYON stalked on, his hands in his pockets, his pipe in in his mouth, and his thoughts divided between Kate Meddon and Jessie Playford. He had seen them both for the last time, he thought; the lovely girl who had stolen his heart away, and the poor woman, Jessie, in pursuit of the scoundrel who had ruined the life he remembered so bright and happy.

Poor Jess! But the thought of Kate soon drove her from his mind, sincerely as he pitied her; and all the way along the cliff he recalled the lovely face, with its gentle eyes and sweet, tender smile.

Yes, he had seen the last of her, it had been indeed a farewell they had wished each other, for Desmond intended walking along the coast to the next seaport, and from there work his passage to America, never to come back!

It was a lovely morning, and the day seemed to grow brighter as it advanced. The sea was like an emerald in the sun, and the sky overhead was as blue as he had seen it in San Francisco, and that is saying much.

Desmond was very hungry, but he managed to enjoy the scenery, and no one meeting him as he strode along, his head erect, his eyes bright, his step firm—would have thought that he had spent the night in a haylott, and breakfasted on a slice of bread.

The path, after he had gone a couple of miles from Sandford, grew narrower, until, at last, it dwindled away into a mere sheep-walk; at the same time the scenery became more wild and sternly beautiful.

Cliff rose upon cliff to a dazzling height, as if bidding defiance to the sea that raged at their feet, and the rocks seemed to Desmond, looking over, but as little white specks, dotted here and there.

It was too beautiful and grand to be passed by without a pause, and he threw himself upon the short grass and smoked and gazed—and thought of Kate Meddon!

Suddenly the silence was broken by a loud report, a dull smothered roar, as if by distant thunder.

But it was not thunder, Desmond had spent too many years in a miner's camp not to know what it meant.

With a touch of interest he rose to his feet, and walked in the direction of the sound, and suddenly, so suddenly that he was startled he came upon the edge of a stone quarry. But for the rough paling round it any one might easily have walked over, and reached the bottom with a broken neck.

Desmond leaned upon the wooden fence and looked over. It was a picturesque sight.

Far down, so far down that they looked like boys, were the quarrymen; some picking at the rugged surface of the rock, others pushing the trucks along the metal lines that led to a small harbor or port, where lay a rough-looking smack.

Under the edge of the quarry opposite him, and sheltered from the wind, was a small cottage, or rather hut, but it looked disused, and the ivy that climbed over its walls had a neglected and untended appearance.

But it just put the finishing touch to the picture, and Desmond, keenly attracted by the sight of something that recalled his mining days, looked for a path leading downwards, and, finding one, slowly and carefully descended.

As he drew near the bottom he could see the men quite plainly. The noise he had heard was the sound of blasting, and the men were hard at work clearing out the broken rocks from the main part of the quarry.

Desmond watched them with keen and pleasant interest for some few minutes, then, remembering that this was scarcely the way to reach the seaport, he was about to climb up to the top again, when suddenly two figures came from under the rock where he was sitting and so into his view.

They were an old man, or a man of late middle-age, and a young girl. The man had a wild, uncouth figure and a rugged face, but it was not an unkind one, nor was the voice, though that was rough also, a harsh or unpleasant one.

The girl by his side was young, seventeen or eighteen, and slightly built, with a childish face, in which a pair of blue eyes shone like turquoises one moment, then grew as dark as violets the next. It was a very pretty face and the eyes were remarkable.

Desmond stood, or half knelt, for the path was steep, and watched her. In his own mind he decided that the man was the master of the quarry and the girl his daughter.

After a moment or two he was about to resume his climb, when there came another report and a puff of smoke from the side of the quarry.

The old man had drawn the girl under shelter of a projecting rock, but the instant after, she emerged with a little laugh, as if she were too accustomed to the blasting to feel any danger. It was a musical laugh, and it fell pleasantly upon the wanderer's ears.

"Like a young bear," he murmured; "all her troubles to come. Perhaps she may have none. Let's hope so."

Even as he expressed this charitable wish, as a kind of farewell to the girl who had not yet even seen him, his quick, hawk-like eyes saw something moving just above her head.

He looked at her, at the old man, all round—a swift look of scrutiny. Then his heart seemed to stand still, for that which he had seen no one else had seen. It was an immense slab of rock which, unnoticed, had become loosened by the blasting in the other part of the quarry; and it would in another moment come rolling down upon that bright-faced, blue-eyed girl.

It was a certain, a horrible death!

Most men would have yelled and shouted, but Desmond knew better.

His experienced eye showed him that it would be impossible for the startled girl to recover from the shock of the sudden shout and spring away from the awful mass that was gliding down upon her like an engine of death.

For a moment, while one could count five he stood, his heart seeming to cease beating, then, without a word he sprang sheer from the narrow ledge, and alighting before the girl, caught her in his arms, and hurled himself and her from the spot.

The next instant—almost in the next half second, so closely as to seem simultaneous—the mass fell with a crash upon the spot where she stood. She was saved!

Desmond's leap had been so sudden, the terrible fall of the immense piece of rock on the very spot from which he had carried the girl so appalling, that for a moment or two no man could move.

Desmond when he recovered consciousness, for a fragment of the mass had struck him on the head, found himself lying on his back, with his eyes fixed upon the blue patch of the sky which in the shape of a round blue ring, showed above the quarry's mouth.

He contemplated this in the absurdly satisfied manner peculiar to individuals just returning from dreamland; then a voice—a very soft and pleasant voice smote on his ear.

"Father!" it said, in a tone of great relief and joy. "He is coming to—see, he is coming to."

Desmond, turning his eyes from the spot of blue made by the opening of the quarry, saw a girlish face, full of sweet concern, bending over him.

"That's right! So he is! How are you, sir? Stand back, lads, and give him some air; don't crowd 'un so."

Desmond felt something soft and warm under his neck, and his head raised and found that the pleasant lever was the girl's arm.

Then he remembered what had happened, and with the smile which haunted Kate so persistently, he said:

"You are not hurt? That's all right!"

The girl blushed crimson at the sound of his voice and his words, but did not relinquish her supporting attitude.

"Yes, sir; all right, thanks to you, sir," said her father. "If it hadn't been for you, Nelly would ha' been——" he stopped short, and the dozen or two of men exclaimed, in a kind of chorus:

"That's gospel truth, that is!" and looked at the heap of rocks lying on the spot from which he had literally buried himself and her.

Desmond pulled himself together and struggled to his feet, the girl, Nellie, drawing back almost behind her father as he did so.

"That was nothing," he said lightly, "but I was very lucky to be within sight of the starting rock and near enough to the young lady to—well, I think I ought to apologise for my seeming rudeness. I am not usually in the habit of rushing at young ladies like a bull in the china shop," and he tried to pass off the intensity of the situation with a light laugh.

The girl didn't smile even—which was ungrateful—but raised her deep blue eyes from the ground, and glanced at him for a moment, then let them drop again.

"That's all very well as a way for passing it off—free and easy, so to speak," said her father, with that dogged insistence peculiar to his class. "But we as know what's what, know as you have saved my girl's life at the risk of your own, sir; and—there is my hand on it." And he swore a round but harmless oath.

"Oh! you make too much of it," said Desmond, and he took the hand and shook it; "anyone would have done the same, and I am very glad that I was lucky enough to be the man on the spot. But, by the way—you won't mind my mentioning it?—you scarcely go the right way to work in your blasting. At least, it's rather old fashioned, and out of date and a great deal more dangerous than the new system.

"Oh!" said the man, with interest; "old-fashioned! What is the new way?"

The girl touched his elbow as Desmond was about to reply, and whispered:

"Father, his head is bleeding."

"So it is," he said. "Look at that, now. It seems almost as if he had no sense nor feeling. Here, sir, you're hurt, you know. Your head's a bleeding! Hi, one of you chaps! Bring a pail of water——"

"The cottage, father," said the girl, in the same low voice.

"Of course! That's the place: more comfortable there," he assented, and drawing Desmond's arm within his own, he said: "Come to the cottage and rest awhile, sir, and we'll see what damage is done. We owe you that, at least!"

"I'm sure it's nothing," said Desmond smiling, "or I should have cried out: I'm good at squalling directly I'm hurt."

"I don't know so much about that," said the old man with a grunt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JAPANESE SWORDS.—The swords made by the Japanese prove that, with all its boasted excellence of manufacture, the Western world has still something to learn from the East. We are not able to turn out a sword blade which can be compared with the wonderful swords of Japan. A common feat for the Japanese soldier is to cut a pig in two with a single blow; and bars of lead, and even of iron have been divided by these weapons without a notch or imperfection being visible on the sword-blade.

A sword of superior excellence is preserved as an heirloom in the Satsuma family, and with this blade a leaf floating on the stream has been cut in two by merely being allowed to drift against the edge.

Bric-a-Brac.

GREAT CITIES.—It is supposed that Rome once contained 5,000,000 inhabitants. Babylon contained 144 square miles and London contains but 120. In the Eternal City there were 1780 palaces and 69,602 houses divided into flats. The palaces of Rome accommodated about 350,000 people. It took Jonah a day to get into the middle of Nineveh, which occupied more space than London.

FEBRUARY.—The name February is said to be derived from Februare, to purify, to expiate, and is taken from the fact of the purification undergone by the Romans at this time. The signs of the zodiac for this month are Aquarius and Pisces. All old distiches connected with the month agree that plenty of rain should fall in it, for agricultural reasons too numerous to mention.

SEWING THREAD.—It is said that a woman began the manufacture of sewing thread in England in 1722, and it would seem proper that the idea should have first come from that sex through whose hands nine-tenths of the thread passes that is used. Paisley has the honor of being the first town that embarked in the business. It was called "Nun's thread," was made of flax, and so rapidly increased in popularity that it was not long before it became an important branch of manufacture.

LEAP YEARS.—Hebrew maidens must have been fortunate beyond other women, for they enjoyed the privileges of leap-year every six months. From a lecture on Jewish courtship, it appears that, though the men usually did the wooing, twice a year the Jewish damsels went in procession to the vineyards, where some sang such engaging ballads as "Young men look not to beauty, but to piety!" while others the more beautiful, retorted with, "See how fair we are! Choose your bride for beauty."

"A SHINE."—A learned bootblack thus explains the scientific reason for a "shine:" Diamonds are nothing but naturally crystallized carbon. Blacking, which is bone black, is a little more when moistened than carbon paste, and the friction of the hair brush being one of the most efficient methods of generating electricity has the effect of crystallizing the carbon of the blacking. As soon as this is done the boot is covered with millions of infinitely small diamonds, and of course begins to shine as a mass of diamonds would.

THE COCOANUT.—In some of the Malay Islands the cocoanut is obtained in a curious manner. An enormous crab is found there that lives on the fruit, climbing the trees and tearing them off, either hurling them down or breaking them by tearing off the husk, and then beating them against the rocks with its huge claws. The husk that the crabs take from the fruit they carry to their holes at the foot of the trees and make a bed of it, and, knowing this, the Malays visit and rob the crabs once or twice a year, using the husk to weave into mats.

A SHOOTING FISH.—In the Eastern seas, from Ceylon to Japan, there abounds a little fish which secures its prey by means of an instrument like the blow-pipe used by boys for projecting peas. The nose of this fish is a sort of beak, through which it has the power of propelling a drop of water with force enough to bring down a fly. Its aim is very accurate, and it rarely misses its object. The unsuspecting victim sits on a weed or tuft of grass near the water; the fish approaches cautiously, stealthily projects its tube, takes a sure aim, and lets fly, when down drops the insect, to be swallowed by its captor.

CHINESE BEGGARS.—A writer in a Shanghai journal referring to the beggars of China says that large donations are given to them by the people, but these are in the nature of an insurance. In the cities the beggars are organized into very powerful guilds, more powerful than any organization with which they have to contend, for the beggars have nothing to lose, and nothing to fear, in which respects they stand alone. The shopkeeper who should refuse a donation to a stalwart beggar, after the latter has waited for a reasonable time, and has besought with what lawyers call "due diligence," would be liable to invasion from a horde of famished wretches who would render the existence even of a stolid Chinese a burden, and who would utterly prevent the transaction of any business until their continually rising demands should be met. Both the shopkeepers and the beggars understand this perfectly well, and it is for this reason that the gifts flow in a steady, if tiny, rill.

AUTUMN.

BY M. B.

The meadows rest beneath a golden haze,
And peace has fallen on the hurrying river,
No vagrant ripple on its margin plays,
Where, half asleep, the heavy bulrush sways,
And tangled sedges quiver.

O generous Autumn!—harvest of the year,
Teach us to labor, strong and willing-hearted,
Ere the uprooting and the frost draw near;
And teach us patient trust and hopeful cheer
When summer hath departed.

We, too, would live through busy days below,
That God's "well done" may with our rest be given,
When at our feet life's autumn flowers shall blow,
And from the fitful chains of earth we go
To hear the songs of heaven.

GRISELDA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN TWO STOOLS," "THE NEW SCHOOL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT is the good of a birthday without presents?" I ask disconsolately, leaning a pair of shabby elbows on the shabby tablecloth.

"I never could see any good in birthdays myself," answers my brother, the Hon. Patrick MacRonan, setting light to a very indifferent cigarette, and looking at me compassionately with his dark blue eyes. "They must be especially unpleasant to a girl, I should say. Poor old Grizel, she's getting on in life, and nothing to show for it!"

"I used to think twenty such a terrible age when I was seventeen," I say, casting myself back in our one arm-chair, a precarious structure of stained deal and horsehair. "Oh, Pat, Pat, my dear old Pat, why weren't we born common folk who might have kept a shop, or stood on our heads, without exasperating the manes of a lot of old ancestors?"

"Hark to the daughter of a hundred Irish kings; to the Hon. Griselda MacRonan, sister to the most noble Viscount Goll, and niece to half the peerage of the Emerald Isle!" cries Patrick, puffing hard at his strong-smelling cigarette.

"A great deal of good it does one!" I say, looking round at the dreary little lodging-house parlor. "It was bad enough when we had to let Ronantown because of those poor creatures of tenants and their rents; but when it comes to hiding away like this, and to dear old Goll's hanging about the Chancery Court all day for what he may never get—why, then I declare I sometimes wish we had been born grocers!"

"You might at least confine your wish to yourself. I never wish I had been born a grocer!" says a clear, proud voice from the other end of the room, as my sister Katherine sends a scornful glance from her beautiful eyes at the reclining figure in the easy-chair. "And, Griselda," she goes on, raising her handsome head from her sewing, "you have no right to talk in that way about Goll. He is doing his best for us all. The money is ours, and must fall to us if there is any justice in the land."

"In the meantime," says Patrick, "I can't say I find Welby a particularly pleasant land of exile, especially since you and Goll are so determined we shall not soil that ancient purple of ours by contact with other people's brand-new satins."

"You know as well as I do," answers Katherine, "that the people in Welby are not of our acquaintances which it would be impossible for us even to acknowledge afterwards. There can be nothing in common between us and the townspeople."

"I don't expect they would be grateful for any little attentions we might show them," I cry. "You forget, Katie, that to them we are only the MacRonans, obscure Irish strangers in poor lodgings."

"My dears, haven't we had enough of this discussion," say my mother, who is darning stockings at the table.

As she speaks, her gentle face flushes, and I feel guilty.

Of all the many shifts, contrivances and humiliations of our poverty, this is the one that has entered like iron into my mother's proud soul—that it has been deemed expedient to drop our lawful style and title, and present ourselves to the Welby world as Mrs., Mr., and the Misses MacRonan.

"It is a miserable business," Goll had said on the morning of his departure for London; "but it would never do in a place like this to let the people know who we are. Afterwards, when you come to take your right place in the world, it might be unpleasant in many ways."

And mother submits, as we all have submitted, to this handsome, tyrannical brother of ours, ever since I can remember.

"I have some news! Would any one like to hear it," I ask, breaking in on the uncomfortable pause which has followed my mother's remark. "A most important, exciting, unique piece of news."

"Aw, really!" drawls Patrick, assuming his most man-of-the-world air. "Aw, of course we shall be most happy to hear anything Miss MacRonan may have to tell us."

"Now, don't be silly, Pat. When I got to the Watsons' this morning, I found everybody up in arms; servants running to and fro, and Margaret Watson careering up and down stairs in that fussy way of hers. The pervading excitement had penetrated even to the schoolroom, where the table was covered with all sorts of glass pots like fish-bowls. The children were more troublesome than usual over their lessons, and at last little Jo, unable to contain himself any longer, informed me that 'Mamma had a party to-morrow night. I reproved him severely and made him go on with his dates."

"Oh! a fine school-marm you must be, Miss Grizel! Now I come to think of it, you are the very image of Miss O'Brien. Don't you remember poor old O'Brien and the old schoolroom at Ronantown?"

"Don't interrupt, Pat. I went down before lunch to give Margaret Watson her singing, and in the middle of the lesson Mrs. Watson came in, with her most gracious smile on, and said—what do you think she said?"

"I am on the rack to know."

"Well, she said, 'Miss MacRonan, I am giving a little party to-morrow night in honor of the New Year. I should be so pleased if you would join us!'"

I pause and look round at my audience.

Katherine's head is bent over her sewing; my mother is threading a needle with great deliberation; Pat gives a prolonged whistle.

"And what did you say?" he asks after a pause.

"Oh, I thanked her, and—told her my arrangements did not depend on myself," I answer rather hurriedly, "and that I would write this afternoon."

Pat whistles out again; my mother and sister proceed with their work in silence.

"Is it possible," says Katherine at last, raising her proud head and looking at me; "is it possible, Griselda, that you wish to go to—this party?"

"Mrs. Watson meant to be kind; it would have been ungracious to refuse straight away," I answer evasively; "and besides—oh, Katie, I do feel a little dull sometimes!"

"My dear," says my mother, "of course it is out of the question that you should go. Think how shocked your brother would be. He would be vexed enough if he knew that you had persuaded me to allow you to teach these Watsons—very good people, no doubt, but not of our world. Come, Griselda, write a gracious little note at once, and say that you do not go out. And word it carefully; I should not wish you to hurt any one's feelings."

"Hurt any one's feelings! Oh, you [illegible] proud mother! Don't you see that Mrs. Watson's point of view cannot be the same as yours? She will think I have no gown, if she thinks at all," I cry ruefully.

"She will be quite correct on that point," says Katherine.

"But I have a gown," I protest. "The white tarlatan did very well for Ronantown; surely it would be good enough for Welby."

"It's a very pretty gown, and shure it is," cries Patrick, launching into his favorite brogue. "Och, do ye remember the dancing at Ronantown, and Teddy MacMorna—the rogue!"

"Oh, don't talk of it, Pat," I cry, "my feet begin to dance at the very name of Teddy MacMorna," and I give a sigh to the memory of that fascinating but impecunious youth, as I take up a pen and slowly inscribe date and address on a sheet of paper.

"Dear Mrs. Watson——"

Then I look round at my family. They have made me desperate and left me but one course open.

"Mother," I cry, laying down my pen; "you will be shocked, I know, but I want to go to this party. I want to go dreadfully!"

"My dear," says my mother, distressed, "I confess you surprise me. I do not think you would enjoy yourself among those people. And it would not be just to them."

"But, mother, it is not a little matter, so unimportant one way or the other. It is such a long time since I have danced, I think I have forgotten how to dance."

"If you will only have a little patience, Griselda, you will have as much dancing as even you can desire."

"I cannot imagine, Griselda," says my sister, "how you can for a moment wish to go."

"I confess," I answer, "that I am a little surprised at my own depravity. But, Katie, think of waltzing, of waltzing to real music, on a real floor."

"With a partner who will shovel you out your money at the Bank the next morning, or bring you a mustard poultice when you have a cold. I cannot say that the notion dazzles me."

"It is not much money they will shovel out to me! And you know I never catch cold, Katie."

During this discussion Patrick has remained very silent, but he comes suddenly forward and flings himself into the breach.

"Let her go, mother," he says. "By the time we are in London she may be forty and have the gout. No one can dance with the gout."

Whether it is Patrick's advocacy or my mother's tender-heartedness that pleads for me, I know not. I only know that in a few minutes more she has yielded, and I have gained my point.

"Patrick," I say, the note of acceptance being written, "let us go out and post it, before tea."

Pat gives a yawn and nods an affirmative to my invitation, and in a few minutes he and I are speeding through the damp, dismal streets of the dismal little town. We go up the high street by the post-office, past Boulter's Bank with the lighted plate-glass windows, and pause at the grocer's to buy a pot of jam, which I manage to conceal under my cloak.

"Patrick," I say, "I wish mamma and Katie would take another view of my teaching the Watson family. And I wish it were possible to tell Goll. I hate secrets, especially from him."

"He is a good fellow," answers Pat, "with not an atom of the elder brother about him. He never wants anything for himself, and of course he expects us to respect his prejudices."

We walk on a little in silence; then he bursts out again with some impatience:

"It's a shame you should have all the work, Grizel, it is indeed! You know, when I saw there was no immediate prospect of Sandhurst, I wanted to try emigration, the Backwoods, or the Gold Fields, or something of the sort. But Goll said, 'Wait,' and he pointed out that mother and you girls could not be left alone. I will wait another six months, Grizel, and if nothing is settled, I shall get Uncle Fits to pay my passage to America."

"You might get some work at home, Pat."

"It would be more difficult. I'm not much of a hand at anything but riding and shooting and dancing—at using my legs and arms, in short, and not my brains. My sort of talents pay better abroad than at home, I believe. It's you have all the cleverness, Grizel."

"Oh, Pat," I say, "I am not clever at all. How can I help knowing French when I have had Antoinette to dress me all my life? And is it any credit to a MacRonan if he or she knows more about music than most people? I think we are all born singing! And music and French are my only accomplishments."

"Yes, you do know how to sing," says Pat with condescension; "and I suppose to-morrow night you will be expected to sing for your supper like the young man in the nursery rhyme, whose enforced celibacy has so often moved me to tears:

> 'Little Tommy Tucker sings for his supper; . .
> How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?
> How shall he marry without e'er a wife?'"

"'How shall she marry without e'er a husband,' ought to be the modern version, in these days of surplus female population," I say feelingly; "but Pat, do you think the Watsons will expect me to sing to-morrow?"

"Haven't a doubt! I say, Grizel, you ought to be grateful to me. I almost wish I were going myself; though, to be sure, there's not a pretty girl in Welby, excepting Katherine and—well, perhaps Katherine's sister."

"Do you really think me pretty, Pat?" I say anxiously, for this has always been a doubtful point in our family.

"You're not like Katherine, certainly," Pat answers judicially.

"No one would think of wanting to model your head as that English Lord did Katie's at Dublin. But there's something rather pleasing about you on the whole. I like the way your dimples dance about, and your hair curls round your forehead, and your eyes shine; I think I may say without flattery, my dear Grizel, that your eyes are the crown and glory of the MacRonan family."

"Oh, Pat!" I cry, overwhelmed, and nearly dropping my jam-pot. "It is such a long time since any one has said anything nice to me! If I were not afraid of attracting undue attention, I should give you a kiss this very moment!"

CHAPTER II.

IT is new year's eve; a clear, cold night. The Honorable Griselda MacRonan is engaged in adorning her youthful person with such garments of festival as her scanty resources afford.

Her fingers are rather stiff, for there is no fire in the small grate; moreover the cracked looking-glass on the wall is both so minute and so misleading as to be a hindrance rather than a help to successful hair-dressing; add to these discomforts the absence of a maid, and insufficient light, and no wonder the business of the toilet proceeds neither quickly nor satisfactorily.

"I am coming, Pat; don't be impatient, there's a dear boy," I cry, wrestling with that rebellious, dusky, Irish hair of mine with both hands, and squinting to obtain a view of myself in the mirror, which presents me with a pleasing image of a young woman with lop-sided cheeks, and a twisted mouth. "I am sorry to keep you waiting."

The door opens, and Katherine comes in.

"Why didn't you ask me to help you, you silly child?" she says rather sadly. "I did not even know you had gone up to dress."

"I did not think you would wish to come, Katie."

"I think you are unwise to go; but I would sooner you did not look a little frightened, as you are going," she answers, as her clever fingers twist up the abundant hair, and adjust the white tarlatan gown, which is more crumpled than I had realized.

I give Katherine a kiss of silent gratitude and put my arm round her waist as we go down the little staircase together.

> "She thought to break the Welby hearts
> For pastime e'er she went to town!"

cries Pat, as we enter the sitting-room.

"Don't be silly, Pat. Seriously, do I look a fright?"

"The gown isn't much, to be sure," answers Pat candidly; "but you don't look half bad, and your eyes are shining like the fifth of November."

"Good-night, mother," I cry, kissing her; "don't look distressed please don't, or I shall feel remorseful. I shall be like Jane Eyre, you know—without Rochester."

"I should hope so!" says my mother with a little shudder. "Oh, my dear, I hope I am not doing wrong in letting you go."

* * * * * *

The Watsons' big white villa is a blaze of light as our fly makes its slow way up the carriage drive.

The French windows of the drawing-room are shut fast, but a confused sound of music and merriment has struggled out into the chilly garden, where a little crowd of shabby people stands gazing intently at the unshuttered windows.

The Watsons are important people in Welby, for, together with their cousin, Mr. Fairfax, they represent the "Co." of Boulter's Bank in the High Street, and from time immemorial "Boulter's," I hear, has taken the lead of Welby society.

"Don't be late, Pat," I say with some trepidation as the plate-glass panelled door is flung open. "I promise not to keep you waiting a moment."

Pat gives my hand a sympathetic squeeze, and I step into the gaily-paved, gas-lit hall.

Little Charlotte, my pupil, comes running in while I am removing my cloak in the schoolroom—converted for the evening into a dressing-room.

She wears an aggressively stiff, white frock, with pink ribbons, and pink ribbons adorn her elaborately crimped hair; she brings in with her an overpowering odor of Patchouli scent, and carries a smart fan in her little gloved hand.

"Oh, Miss MacRonan," she cries, dancing about on the toes of her bronze boots, "it's such a grand party—fifty ladies and gentlemen; I heard mamma telling Cousin Jack."

She skips across the room, then comes back to the toilet-table, where I am soothing out the crumpled folds of my gown before the mirror.

"You have a white frock too, Miss MacRonan. Don't you wish you had some pink ribbons?"

"I wish you wouldn't make the candles flicker so," I say, regarding the poor tarlatan with some dismay.

"I think you're pretty, Miss MacRonan," announces my pupil with magnificence. "Margaret doesn't, nor mamma, but I do."

I begin to laugh, and forget all about my gown in a sudden sense of the ludicrousness of the situation.

The door is pushed open, and Jo, my other pupil, rushes in, in all the glory of a black velveteen suit and white kid gloves.

"Come along, Miss MacRonan," he cries, seizing my hand in its long Swedish glove. "Aren't you glad you have come to our party?"

Charlotte takes possession of my other hand, and thus announced, between the children I am led to the scene of action.

Miss Watson comes across the room on her high heels as I enter, and greets me with infinite condescension.

Her short, wide skirts of pale silk, her bright velvet bodice are redolent of that same sickly perfume with which her younger sister has made fragrant her small person.

A knot of wired roses and maidenhair fern is fastened under her ear; one carries a huge black fan in her mittened hand.

"We are going to dance," she says; "everyone has paired off. I will introduce some gentlemen later on. Lottie, find Miss MacRonan a seat."

With a sinking heart I survey the scene before me. Gas, gas: that is my first impression—any amount of gas flaring hard, in the big central chandelier, in the gilt branches that project on all sides from the walls; filling the room with a horrible, stifling heat, casting unnatural radiance on the grass-green carpet, guiltless of drugget, on which the dancers are disporting themselves.

In one corner of the room stands a rose-wood piano, on which Mrs. Watson is performing a remarkably deliberate polka, beating time with her great smart head, and lifting her jewelled fingers very high in the air.

Various groups of middle-aged people adorn the walls, and with few exceptions they also are smilingly beating time to the inspiring strains.

But it is on the dancers that my attention is chiefly concentrated. Two dozen short-skirted, perfumed young women, a dozen warm young men in ill-made dress-coats, are gravely careering up and down the green carpet, endeavoring to keep time to the timeless music.

In consequence of the overwhelming female majority, many of the young ladies are dancing with one another, making valiant efforts to look as if they enjoyed it.

With a sudden rush of memory, that brings the tears to my eyes, I am back in the old hall at Ronantown.

I see the great shadowy room, with the oak-panelled walls, the well-worn oaken floor, the dim light shed by the sparse candles in their big silver sconces.

I see Katherine and the MacMorna girls in their simple, shabby, graceful gowns; I see Patrick and Teddy MacMorna light-footed, light-hearted, slim and cool; I see Goll, his handsome face aglow, as his white hands fly over the key-board, and the Bitter-sweet waltz music rolls forth to

lose itself in the echoes of the high roof.

"They were right," I think with a great sigh; "I ought not to have come."

The linked sweetness of Mrs. Watson's polka has at length drawn itself out. The good-natured musician has risen and made her way to the middle of the room.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she announces in her loud voice, "if you will be so good as to step into the next room you will find some refreshment waiting for you. Margaret, lead the way."

"Pink lces," cries Jo very audibly, addressing himself to Charlotte, but making this announcement for the general benefit; "and wafers, and punch!"

There is a movement towards the open door.

From my corner I watch the couples streaming out in the direction of the promised land; I recognize the two Miss Boulters, the acknowledged queens of Welby society, each of whom has managed to secure a cavalier for escort; Margaret Watson flounces by with young Boulter, a stout, florid youth with an insinuating eye; Jo and Charlotte strut out together arm in arm with a funny imitation of their elders.

And little Jane Eyre sits unnoticed in her corner, with—shall it be owned?—a certain sense of mortification and indignation in her breast.

"You will be a little humbler after this, Griselda MacRonan," I say to myself; "you will begin to recognize that there is considerable difference between Lord Goll's sister and a shabby little governess in an old gown. . . . Pshaw! I shall be growing cynical next, and I have always hated cynics."

"Miss MacRonan," says a kind voice, "won't you come into the next room and have some refreshment?"

A pair of gentle brown eyes are looking down at me from a gentle brown-bearded face; an attractive face, though it is neither young nor handsome.

Its owner is Mr. Fairfax, of the Bank, the children's Cousin Jack.

We have never been introduced to one another, but I have seen him several times at the villa, where he is a great favorite with my small pupils.

"Yes, please," I say, in answer to his little question, and feeling quite grateful as I take the arm he rather awkwardly offers.

It would be impossible to resent the small infringement of etiquette on the part of this respectful and fatherly person; is he not Mr. Fairfax, of the Bank, and I his cousin's unknown Irish governess?

"What can I get you?" asks Mr. Fairfax gravely, when he has carefully piloted me to a seat in the next room.

I have already found out that he is a man of action rather than of words, but there is something soothing in his silent service.

"I will have an ice, please," I say. "I have a faint hope that it will make me a little cooler; only a very faint one."

He smiles, amused, as though I had said something witty, and goes off to do my bidding.

"You have not been long in Welby, I think?" he says, as I eat my ice with a despairing sense of growing hotter every moment.

It is about the first independent remark he has offered for the last five minutes.

"Six months. I am beginning to get tired of Welby; six months is such a long time."

"Oh, a very long time! Miss MacRonan, I often see you pass my window in the morning."

"I am very punctual, am I not?" I say. "Punctuality is the one virtue on which I pride myself very highly. Ask Jo and Charlotte."

"Who's talking about me?" breaks in a shrill, excited voice. "I say, Miss MacRonan, don't go telling tales! Cousin Jack, would you like to be a fool? Here's a jolly fool's cap for you!"

A small velveteen form has mounted the chair near which Mr. Fairfax is standing, and in another instant two dirty little gloved hands have placed a disreputable tissue adornment on the respectable brown head of my escort.

Cousin Jack absolutely blushes, and glances at me with a look of entreaty, as he removes the undignified head-gear, and administers a mild rebuke to the offender.

Miss Watson comes up to me as I re-enter the drawing room, and asks me to sing.

I remember Pat's warning, and my heart sinks. Sing! Before these people, in this glaring room, at that jingling piano! It is evident, however, that a refusal is not expected of me; and accepting the situation with my usual philosophy, I slowly draw off my gloves, and sit down to the instrument.

"I will give them something they can understand," I say to myself, and launch into "The Last Rose of Summer."

The dear old song! It has carried me away from the vulgar villa, from Welby. I am back at Ronantown

Goll is playing the accompaniment, and Teddy MacMorna is turning over the leaves. The candles flicker in their silver sockets; the firelight dances on the dim old walls.

"Bravo! bravo! encore!"

My song has come to an end, and with it my reverie. A dozen voices are clamoring praise, a dozen people crowding round me. I look up, and my glance meets two kind, brown eyes.

"Thank you," says Cousin Jack very simply.

I have no reason now to complain of being overlooked, and with the usual feminine "contrariness," begin to sigh for my former obscurity.

I do not like these familiar, eager people, who are demanding introductions, or dispensing altogether with such an insignificant formality. I do not like their jokes, their criticisms, worst of all their flattery.

I wish that nice, awkward Mr. Fairfax would come to my rescue, but he only stands on the outskirts of my little circle, looking very grave, and never exerting himself to offer a remark.

"Now I call your singing A 1," says young Boulter, looking at me from the corners of his eyes; "quite another matter, between you and me, to our friend Miss Margaret's."

Is it possible, or does there lurk in his eye what only requires a little encouragement to develop into a wink? It is needless to add that this encouragement is not forthcoming.

"I do a little in the singing line myself," he continues, unabashed, "and I do assure you I haven't half your nerve. I always say there's only two occasions when a man feels funky; that's one. Do you know when the other is?"

"It would be interesting to learn," I say, looking my companion straight in the face.

"When a gentleman pops the question to a lady—eh?"

A little pause; Mr. Boulter is vaguely aware that his sally is not a success, and I am secretly conscious of victory. But I am not elated. Looking round, I perceive that the other people have dropped off, and that Mr. Boulter and I are standing together by the piano.

A sense of shame rushes over me, and it is with genuine delight that I observe Cousin Jack making his way towards me with an elderly lady on his arm.

"My sister wants very much to know you," he says abruptly.

Miss Fairfax is a squarely built woman of middle age, with a kind, homely face, and a quiet manner.

She is simply but richly dressed in a black silk gown, with a gold chain round her neck, and a big brooch fastening her lace collar. She holds out her hand and smiles at me with her brown eyes, which are like her brother's.

"My dear, you have given us such a great treat," she says.

"I am so glad you liked the song, Miss Fairfax."

"You sing beautifully, Miss MacRonan, and you are not ashamed to sing in your own language. We ignorant people who do not understand Italian are grateful to you for that."

"Ashamed of the dear Irish song! That would be impossible for an Irishwoman," I say, laughing.

"I wonder if you would think it worth your while to come and see a lonely old woman, Miss MacRonan?"

I think of Goll, of Katherine. Surely even they could have no objection to my responding to the kindness of this gentle old lady.

"I should be very pleased to come," I say promptly, "and to sing to you if you would care to hear me."

"Will you drink tea with me to-morrow, Miss MacRonan, at five o'clock? I live at number fourteen in the High Street, next door to the Bank."

Scarcely have I accepted this invitation, when Margaret Watson comes up and says, not very amiably, "Can you play dance music, Miss MacRonan?"

"Yes, I can," I answer with alacrity, for the prospect of dancing with Mr. Boulter and his friends is not an inviting one, and in a few minutes more Jane Eyre is at the piano, obediently dashing her way through the "Starlight" waltzes, the "Bric-a-Brac" polka, and the "Patience" quadrilles; resisting all entreaties on the part of the men to join in the dancing.

"Supper, supper!" announces Mrs. Watson as the "grand chain" is brought to a close. "Gentlemen, choose your partners for supper. It is quite ready."

To my horror and surprise, the thick-skinned Boulter makes his way in my direction.

Fortunately, however, Mrs. Watson arrests him ere he reaches the piano.

"I haven't forgotten you, Mr. Boulter," she says confidentially. "Lobster salad—such a beautiful lobster salad!"

He touches his forehead jocosely with his forefinger.

"Thank you, ma'am! I'm off to find a fair lady to eat it with."

But he is too late, and only escapes from his hostess's clutches to see his victim disappear into the dining-room on the arm of Mr. Fairfax.

Supper is a saturnalia of which I only carry away the vaguest recollection. Mrs. Watson sits at the head of the great table struggling with a turkey, while her lord and master dispenses lobster salad from the opposite.

There is a great deal of gas, a great deal of laughter, and a great deal of champagne with the label of the Welby grocer on the bottles.

My escort is silent but active, and supplies not only myself, but half-a-dozen cavalierless young women, with good things. Somebody makes a speech about the new year, and somebody else responds.

There is a general assumption of paper caps from the costume crackers, and healths are drunk freely in the doubtful champagne.

The maid-servant's confidential announcement that there is a gentleman waiting for me in the hall falls upon my ear as the gladdest of glad tidings, and I make my escape while the others are in the full tide of feasting.

"Well?" says Pat, drawing up the window of the fly, as we go down the drive.

"Pat, they were quite right—I ought not to have gone. It was horrid!"

"And who was the fellow who brought you across the hall?"

"Mr. Fairfax, at the Bank. He was very kind."

"Oh, I remember him," says Patrick; "I saw him there when I went to draw the quarterly instalment of our princely income."

CHAPTER III.

ENLIVEN the family breakfast-table next morning with a vivid account of last night's festivity.

In consideration of my mother's feelings I omit the incident of Mr. Boulter; but I carefully describe the costumes and customs of the company, and rehearse Mrs. Watson's polka on the table-cloth till even Katherine can't refrain from smiling. Only my mother looks grave and troubled. "My dear," she says at last in her gentle voice, "is it kind, is it dignified, to make fun of these poor people, who, after all, offered you the best they had?"

"Mother," I cry, blushing scarlet, "you are quite right. I ought to be ashamed of myself; I am ashamed of myself! Pat, leave off laughing; don't you see how unutterably mean it is to make a joke of these people's hospitality?"

My mother looks very grave when I tell her of Miss Fairfax's invitation and my own acceptance of it.

"It would have been impossible to refuse without being ungracious," I protest; "and I am not sure that I wished to refuse."

"By your own showing, Griselda, these people are not fit associates for you."

"The Fairfaxes are different, mother. They are not bad imitations of smart folk, like the rest. They are just simple and natural."

"It is a great responsibility for me, Griselda."

"Dear mother," I cry with some remorse, "am I such a rebel, such a dangerous character? I think I am as proud as any of you, if not quite as fastidious; can you not trust me? Only do not ask me to hurt the feelings of a gentle old lady who has shown me kindness?"

And my mother's objections are silenced.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, Patrick walks with me up the High Street and leaves me at the door of number fourteen, which stands directly on the left of Boulter's Bank.

It is a square, sober, Georgian house, with a square brown door, raised from the street by a single shallow step.

A neat maid admits me into the cosy, lamp-lit hall, and leads me across it to the sitting-room.

Miss Fairfax rises as I enter, and gives me cordial welcome.

"It is very kind of a young thing like you to take pity on an old woman," she says. I cannot but admire the kindly tact which is so anxious to make the little governess ignore all difference between herself and the prosperous banker's sister.

The room, like the rest of the house, presents an air of solid, unobtrusive comfort which is wholly strange to me.

It is an example, I suppose, of that English middle-class prosperity of which I have heard so much and seen nothing at all.

The great mahogany sideboards are polished like mirrors; the steel fender and fire-irons shine as bright as silver; a big clock ticks on the mantelshelf, and above it hangs an oil-painting of a brown-eyed old woman in a Quaker cap.

"That is a portrait of my mother," says Miss Fairfax. "She belonged to the Society of Friends, but my brother and I were brought up as Congregationalists."

I am not much the wiser for this explanation, but I receive it respectfully. Talk flows on gently after this.

Miss Fairfax is not a brilliant or fluent talker—she retains no spicy gossip, she asks no questions; but she says nothing but what is kindly; there is something inexpressibly soothing in her whole attitude. At my own suggestion, I go over to the little piano and sing three or four songs, the Irish, Scotch, and English ballads for which she has expressed a preference.

Cousin Jack comes in while I am singing and stations himself by the piano. His everyday coat suits him far better than the country made dress-clothes of the previous night.

He looks almost good-looking as, the music having ceased, he sits by the fire a-do, and the ruddy light plays over his brown beard and blunt straight features.

Tea is a solemn, solid performance, quite different from the trifling informal affair with which one usually connects five o'clock.

A white cloth is spread on the mahogany table; the neat maid adorns it further with plates of cake and bread and butter; with glass jars of preserves; with an old-fashioned tea-service and an impressive silver tea-pot.

We all take our seats at the abundant board, and the feast is treated with the observance due to a "square meal."

Mr. Fairfax is rather silent, but is kind enough to greet with a smile the mildest and most trivial attempts at sprightliness on my part.

Miss Fairfax beams on us from behind her tea-pot.

After tea Cousin Jack leads me round the room, displaying his little treasure of china and the few pictures which adorn the wall.

"Oh, how delightful!" I cry, stopping short before a big wire-covered bookcase standing in a deep recess. "Mr. Fairfax, it is so long since I have seen any books, excepting Blair's 'Grave' and the 'Course of Time;' may I look through these?"

Cousin Jack, with his slow smile, unlocks the bookcase, and says:

"Perhaps you would care to borrow some of them. I should be very pleased if you would. I don't know if there is anything there likely to interest you."

They are nice, old-fashioned books, well bound and carefully kept.

I pick out a tall, gray copy of Lamb's Essays, and an early edition of Miss Burney's 'Evelina.' "Will you lend me these?" I say.

"With pleasure. I see you have chosen 'Elia.' It is a great favorite of mine."

"Charles Lamb is an old dear!"

"I quite agree with you. Sometimes when I come in here tired out from business, I find nothing rests me so much as a little chat with my old friend in the bookcase."

"We are not a very reading family," I say; "at least, I am fond of books, and so is G——, my eldest brother."

I grow red and confused at the thought of the incautious remark which I have nearly let slip.

A sudden look of grave and puzzled questioning comes into the brown eyes at sight of my scarlet cheeks and lifted eyebrows.

"No, we don't care for books as a family," I go on recklessly; "we are musical or nothing. And we can all dance. Perhaps you don't consider that a very valuable accomplishment?"

"I know very little about dancing, Miss MacRonan."

At this point the clock on the mantelpiece gives seven strokes, and I start in some dismay at the sound.

"Oh, it is seven o'clock, Miss Fairfax," I cry, going over to my hostess; "they will be expecting me at home. I half expected my brother to call for me, but I think he cannot be coming."

"I wish you could have stayed later," says Miss Fairfax, rising, and helping me on with my hat and cloak, which I have previously removed; "but I suppose we must not detain you. I hope you will come very soon and very often."

"May I? It has been delightful!" I say, stooping to receive the little abrupt kiss she half-shyly bestows on me.

Cousin Jack follows me into the passage, takes his hat, opens the door, and steps with me into the street.

"Mr. Fairfax," I protest, "please don't trouble to come with me. It is quite a little way."

(Why, oh why, has Patrick omitted to fetch me?)

"It is dark," he answers quietly, and possessing himself of the books in my hand. "It isn't fit for you to walk up the High Street alone."

We walk along almost in silence. I feel a little offended and a little frightened. There is something rather interesting in the situation.

Cousin Jack gives me one of his slow smiles, and hands me back the books as we part at the door of my lodgings. I do not "ask him in," nor does he seem to expect it; no doubt he is aware that the run of Eden Street apartments are not suitable for the reception of visitors of his importance.

I meet Patrick on the stairs, evidently in a tremendous hurry.

"It's never you, Grizel, come home by yourself at this time of night!" he exclaims, peering at me in the paraffin-laden gloom.

"Mr. Fairfax brought me home."

Pat whistles. "Why on earth couldn't you wait for me, Griselda?"

"Why on earth couldn't you come in decent time?" I retort; "I had been there long enough for a first visit. I didn't know when you might take it into your head to put in an appearance."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD BELIEF.—In a work published late in the fifteenth century, it is stated that on the banks of a river in Scotland a tree grew which produced fruit resembling ducks, which, when fully ripe, fell on to the bank or into the water, the former of which died, and the latter immediately changed into ducks and flew away.

Another old writer, referring to this, says: "In Scotland we found trees which produce fruit rolled up in leaves, and this, in due time falling into the water which it overhangs, is converted into a living bird, and hence the tree is called the goose tree."

Gerard seems to have had a strong belief in the goose tree, and gives a long account of it, where he says that a kind of "spume or froth" is found on broken pieces of shipwreck that are cast up, and that this spume "breedeth into certain shells in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish color, wherein contains a thing in forme like a lace of silk finely woven, as it were, together, of a whitish color . . . which in time cometh to the shape and forme of a bird."

MR. RAWLINGS (colored, who has just been knocked down): "Whoffer yo' d—do dat?" Mr. Piunkah: "Yo's been an' went an' tole lies 'bout me." Mr. Rawlings: "'Tain't so! Dat nah twin brudder Silas." Mr. Piunkah: "Well, yo' look 'nough like 'im t' desarbe a lickin' an' now."

ESTRANGED.

BY C. L.

Spring days are passing, and summer is nigh,
Summer, with fair, tender glory,
Yet we are sever'd, dear, now, you and I,
Clos'd is our life's golden story.

Who was to blame in the past, once so dear?
Which of us woke the illusion?
Ev'rything now but our love seems so clear,
That still remains a delusion.

So shall the spring and the summer days go,
And we, who lov'd, must be parted,
Still not alone, for the world often so
Deals with her most loyal-hearted!

A GIRL'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BROKEN SUNSHINE,"

"THE THREE CURATES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A YOUTHFUL pair of lovers, whose united ages only made thirty-six years, were clinging in a last embrace.

The evening sun had grandly set, its last beautiful beams almost melting in the far-stretched sea, which reflected in its deep waters ever-changing tints.

Even the dark, stern pinewood took a tender shade, as one by one the exquisite colors faded to be succeeded by others.

It touched the girl's face, so childish in expression, so dainty in coloring, lighting up with ruddy tinge the nut-brown hair, the dark velvet eyes, the fine sun-tinted skin, the full pliant figure.

In a word, it threw into bold relief that charming little personage, Carmen Massingbird.

The boy's face was handsome, sensitive, visionary, beautifully modelled, like some Greek Apollo, and his figure, though now loosely knit, gave promise in the years to come of a grand development.

His arm tenderly encircled the young girl, but his face was very sad and wistful.

"Oh, Carmen, think of me when I am gone; be true to me!"

"Be true to you! Oh, Allen, of course I will. If I am to be your wife to-morrow I must be, you know. All wives are true to their husbands."

"Not at all," he answered with superior wisdom. "And then, dear, you are so beautiful, and I have nothing to shield you but my love, and alas! I shall be thousands of miles away.

The girl, for want of a comforting answer, leaned her head lovingly on his shoulder.

"Is not this sunset perfect? I shall never forget it, our last perhaps for years. See, Carmen," he continued dreamily, "how those opal tints fade into the rosy ones, and then how they all melt in the calm, beautiful sea. Oh, sweetheart, whenever you see such a sunset, think of this night, let it be a sign betwixt thee and me."

"I shall always remember you, Allen, without the aid of sunset or sunrise. But, dear, do try and make this fortune as soon as you can; three years, four at the outside. Why! I shall be quite old—twenty-one! And when you come back we will have the loveliest home imaginable. I quite know how everything ought to be. Now, never mind the sunset," as her boy lover lingered, his mobile face full of poetic feeling, for the beauties of nature to him were a great reality.

He loved the young girl at his side, who was as fresh and fair as a spring morning.

But he idealized her. She was not poetical, not yet at least; in fact she was—material.

"Are you quite sure everything is arranged for to-morrow morning?"

"Everything," answered he rousing himself. "I have your wedding ring, and a keeper, which is my own design."

"Oh, do let me see it, Allen!"

"No, dear. Wait till to-morrow."

She made a little grimace, but being sweet-tempered, only gave her pretty shoulders a little shrug.

"Hark! There is the supper bell. I must go."

"I feel a wail and a pain in my heart, a foreboding I cannot throw off."

"Allen, dear! do for goodness sake try and be cheerful! I shall always love you, dear."

"Ah, Carmen, it is the parting I dread, the long separation. You will write, dear, every mail, promise me."

And he looked into her heart with his eyes so full of boyish love.

"Think what it is to lose you. You are everything, remember, in this world to me. How I shall hunger for your letters."

"I will write, dear," and his sadness affected her, for her eyes were full of tears. "But, oh, Allen, how proud I shall be when I can let every one know that I am Mrs. Allen Fitzclare. It's such a pretty name! So much prettier than Carmen Massingbird."

"Ah, but your name suggests Spain with all its romance; the 'Cid,' the Alhambra, the poets."

"Dear boy! Never mind the poets. Let us think of ourselves. Oh!" she exclaimed, "they have lighted up the schoolroom. You can just see through the trees," as the light shone out bright and vivid in the gloaming. "I must fly or some of the girls will be out to look for me, or worse, the governesses. Good-bye, dear, then—till to-morrow," and putting her warm young lips to his, she kissed him lovingly, and swiftly passed through the pinewood out of his sight.

With a heavy sigh he slowly made his way down the zigzag pathway into the town, whose lights were twinkling in the summer night. Certainly, he did not look like a bridegroom-elect.

Allen Fitzclare was an orphan, the last of his race; a race that had in the years gone by been powerful and rich.

Now they were absolutely unknown. A distant relative, recently deceased, had left him five hundred pounds.

And with this majestic fortune he intended to go to the colonies and make it bring forth a hundredfold, to be laid at the feet of his beautiful Carmen—for "hope with goodly prospect feeds the eye, shows from a rising ground possession nigh."

He was only nineteen, and with the charming confidence of youth imagined himself a poet in embryo, and a fit mate for the only daughter and heiress of Colonel Massingbird, now in India.

The love of these two young people was like an arcadian poem, there was nothing material about it; it was love, pure and simple.

They never troubled themselves as to any probable anger of relatives, it was their own delicious secret.

And to-morrow, even if they separated, on the threshold of their marriage, they would still occupy the exalted position of man and wife.

Next morning they repaired to the registrar's and were made one.

The registrar shook hands with them, and wished them every happiness; but he thought, as he pocketed his handsome fee, "they were the youngest (and handsomest) couple he had ever seen who had reached the mature age of twenty-one years."

And with this reflection, he dismissed them from his thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

A YEAR had passed. Carmen Massingbird was to leave school. Her education, so far as actual school work was concerned, was completed.

Colonel Massingbird had returned from India, entered Parliament, and was now anxiously awaiting the companionship of his cherished daughter and only child.

Carmen had greatly improved this last year. She was now above the medium height, and her figure perfectly proportioned; a tall, graceful woman.

She heard constantly from her young husband, letters full of love and enthusiasm.

He had entered into partnership with a man at a bush station, and hoped to realize the great fortune which was ever present in his imagination. Carmen wrote pretty frequently.

Now that she was leaving school for her father's house, arrangements had to be made about the letters that came so regularly.

So her school friend, Emily Landseard, undertook to forward them, under cover of her own (though this young lady was in happy ignorance of the relationship of the two correspondents.)

This satisfactorily accomplished, Miss Massingbird dismissed from her mind any further thought of the matter.

What an event it is in the lives of all schoolgirls the day they leave school! One foot, as it were, on the brink of the lovely, unclouded future.

What grand possibilities exist for them! What unravelling of future enigmas, all the more delightful for being so vague.

Thus it was the day dawned for Carmen. One of the governesses was to escort her safely to her new home.

Did she feel any regret at parting from the scene hallowed by the memory of Allen Fitzclare?

Not in the very least. She was, instead, eagerly looking forward to all the delights promised her. Her life for many years had been passed at school, and except for the episode of her short love affair, had been singularly quiet, not to say dull.

And Carmen was essentially of a gay, pleasure-loving disposition. Her companions envied her, but they loved her nevertheless.

It was the height of the London season—leafy June in all its beauty. And the charming little house in Mayfair was a worthy abode for the pretty daughter of Colonel Massingbird.

An elderly cousin of her father's was to act as chaperon and housekeeper, but to all practical purposes Miss Massingbird was to be the mistress of the house.

* * * * * *

"Is papa at home, Cousin Adela?" asked Carmen, as she crossed the threshold of her new home.

"No, my dear. He is at the House, but you will see him at dinner. It grieved him not to be able to receive you in person."

"How I long to see him. But now, Cousin Adela, I want to examine everything. Let us make the tour of the place."

"Have tea now?"

"Oh, no, cousin, presently will do for that."

"Had you not better see your new maid then, my love?"

"Of course! Where is she?"

"In your own apartment. Your boudoir is charming; your dear father has made it a very labor of love. He says nothing is too good for his Carmen."

"Darling old dad."

And the tears came into the girl's eyes.

"I will try and make him happy, Cousin Adela, indeed I will."

"Well, dear, I think you ought. I think it surprising in these days to see what is done for young people; so different to what it was in my time. We had to take what we could get, and be thankful. I sometimes wonder if you are any the better for it, if it does not make selfish young men and women."

"Now, cousin Adela, that's quite too bad! It's just like being at school; no moralising, I beseech you."

And giving an affectionate hug to her relation, she ran lightly up the richly-carpeted stairs, slowly followed by her more massive cousin (who was stout of limb and short of breath).

Carmen made at once for her boudoir. It opened on a balcony covered over and round with striped awning, filled with choice flowers and tall palms and ferns.

The room was hung with dainty blue chintz.

Soft, low lounges, many-hued rugs, a piano, books, paintings on the walls, charming little details scattered everywhere. A pert little canary suspended his song to inspect his new mistress as she entered her domain.

But he very lovingly came to the side of his cage when Cousin Adela's large form loomed in the background. In truth it was a very bower of beauty.

"How lovely it is! How I long for papa to enjoy it with me!"

"Here he is, then!" said a hearty voice, as the tall figure of Colonel Massingbird pushed aside the soft plush portiere and entered the room.

Carmen ran into his arms and embraced him with all her heart.

"Ah, you darling father! It is simply perfect."

"So it suits my little queen, does it? Not so little either. Let me look at you, Carmen!" and he held her at arm's length and critically examined her. "You will do, Miss Massingbird. I shall have all the young fellows of my acquaintance making up to me now, and no mistake. Ah, little one, you are nearly as beautiful as your mother. If she could only have lived to see her little Carmencita grow up! Yes, you have her eyes exactly, but your skin is fairer, your hair lighter, and you are much taller."

"That's after you, dad."

"But I can't think," continued her father, "where you got that saucy, aggressive nose! It is quite original. Tip-tilted is the poetical way, I believe, of describing it."

"Never mind my nose, dad. Tell me how you arrived here so soon. Cousin Adela did not expect you until dinner time!"

"Dear, I found I could just get away for an hour, and I wanted so much to be in time to receive my girl; but after all, I just missed you. However, shall we inspect the alterations, especially the drawing-room? Ah, Carmen, it is ten years since you were in these rooms. And then, I must run away till seven o'clock."

Together they made a circuit of the place; a striking pair, he tall and strong in the prime of life, for he was only forty-two, she with her beautiful girlish face and a form like a young Aphrodite clinging to his arm, delighted with everything.

"I have told your new maid Hortense to get you a good stock of feminine fripperies, under Aunt Catherine's direction, and any other dresses or anything else you require. She and you can get them at your leisure. So you will begin your campaign armed cap-a-pie. And now my Carmencita, I must say good-bye for the present."

And with a kiss of love on her forehead, her father left her. His daughter watched him from the window until he was out of sight.

CHAPTER III.

"WILL mademoiselle be pleased to inspect her trousseau?"

"By all means, let me see everything!" and very soon the chamber was filled with a charming confusion of dainty garments, all which appeared to her pleasure-loving nature everything that a young and wealthy girl could desire.

Later on she donned one of her pretty evening frocks, and awaited eagerly her father's return.

As it was their first evening together, they dined alone, with only Cousin Adela for company. And how Carmen appreciated the well-appointed dinner and arrangements!

"What a curious ring you are wearing, Carmen; a keepsake, I suppose?"

"Yes, papa."

But her father did not see the vivid blush that dyed her face and then left it pale. For the first time her secret marriage troubled her.

Hitherto it had been a delightful mystery; to-night it did not seem quite so delightful. There was a feeling of regret, of uncertainty.

"My little love is very tired," said the colonel, noticing his daughter's abstraction.

"Oh no, papa," she answered eagerly.

"Because I have a box for the Savoy; I thought you might like to see 'Patience.'"

"Indeed I should," she replied very joyously, casting aside her momentary trouble.

"You will come, Adela?"

"Yes, Herbert, if you wish."

There was nothing eager in this reply, for indeed Cousin Adela would much have preferred a comfortable after-dinner nap, which she always thoroughly enjoyed, but she was a very kind-hearted, unselfish old soul, and dearly loved these two.

"Very well, ladies, the sooner we start the better."

* * * * *

This was the beginning of a very delightful life. Month after month rolled on.

Carmen was presented at court, under the chaperonage of the Lady Catherine Massingbird, and very soon became one of the "beauties."

The beautiful Miss Massingbird was to be seen everywhere; no dance, no picnic, no club afternoon on the Thames was considered complete without her charming presence.

Young, rich, gay, lovely, who can wonder she was so happy, when the world turned its fairest side to her.

The boy-husband seemed further and further away. Her letters grew less frequent. Now and then a vein of sadness ran through his replies; sometimes a tender reproach.

At length she wrote and told him not to waste a further thought on her, she was not worthy of it; furthermore they had both committed a foolish piece of imprudence, and it would be best for each to go their own way and forget it all.

To this last there came no reply. Indeed, Carmen did not wish one.

She was only too anxious to banish the secret marriage from her heart and thoughts. She considered it an affair of the past, romantic, stupid besides.

Among the many admirers of Miss Massingbird was one who was surely, if slowly, making his way into her heart, and his name was Sir Geoffry Estcourt, a man of about five and thirty, with an old title and estate, and who was likewise a dearly-loved and valued friend of her father.

It was with growing pleasure that Colonel Massingbird watched the intimacy ripening between his daughter and his friend.

At first Carmen liked Sir Geoffry for her father's sake, now—now, she began to like him on his own account.

Colonel Massingbird felt that if he must part with his cherished child, let it be to this man, whose nature, loyal and true, he knew full well.

Sir Geoffry Estcourt in his younger days had dearly loved a fair young girl; but before the marriage could take place, death claimed the bride.

The disconsolate young lover wandered about for years, seeking oblivion for his miserable soul, now here, now there. At length one may conclude he found it.

For after a lengthened sojourn abroad he returned once more to his country, looked after his heritage, and in a quiet way enjoyed life.

But when Carmen Massingbird appeared on the scene, it was like a magician's wand passing over his heart and changing everything.

Everything was pervaded with her presence. Her sunny careless nature, her charming merry ways threw a magic spell over him. Yes, he was really bewitched.

As yet he had uttered no word of love. He thought so humbly of himself, could this beautiful spoilt young girl ever be brought to love him?

He almost doubted it. And he was afraid to disturb the sweet serenity of their daily lives, the charming familiarity of the home circle, where he was one of the most privileged of friends, the ami intime of the house.

"No! He would wait a little longer, and she was so young. Probably had there been another suitor in the field he would have tempted fortune.

But while she had plenty of admirers, she had no particular tenderness for any one. And was she not carefully hemmed in by a wall of guardians? Her father, Lady Catherine and himself.

Dear Cousin Adela did not count at all. She looked after the young lady at home, in other words, let her do precisely as she liked.

When Lady Catherine was incapacitated by indisposition or other contretemps from chaperoning her young grand-niece, then Cousin Adela's services were in requisition, very much to their owner's regret.

She had neither the making of a chaperon, nor of a lady of fashion, whereas Lady Catherine Massingbird was, so to speak, to the manner born; and many an eligible partie had been brought forward with perfect success.

Lady Catherine was considered a most diplomatic and clever match-maker; and many a Belgravian mother owed her a debt of gratitude (which was generally paid in kind).

She was a skilful general, and deserved everything. But her ladyship was in despair about her grand-niece, for who so wilful as Carmen, or who so utterly inconsequent as to results as Colonel Massingbird.

And the season was over, the season that ought to have done such great things for Miss Massingbird. And it grieved Lady Catherine.

People were rushing hither and thither in search of health, distraction, amusement; some to get rid of their friends, others of their creditors.

The Massingbirds, father, daughter and aunt, spent a delightful month at Wiesbaden. This resort was chosen by Lady Catherine for her own particular benefit;

she really intended taking the waters, and her nephew and grand-niece were quite satisfied to enjoy themselves in their own way.

Her ladyship felt that she had quite earned this little relaxation, and Colonel Massingbird was only too pleased to serve his aunt.

And now the Feast of St. Partridge was at hand, so the Colonel, who was a keen sportsman, set his face homewards, and with him Carmen. Lady Catherine was due at various country houses, but all being well, they would meet again the following winter.

* * * * * *

It happened that the last day of August found Sir Geoffry busy in his library, polishing up and overhauling his guns, ready for the "first."

There was a happy smile on his pleasant, sunburnt face. He looked the very type of an English gentleman, cool, calm, self-reliant, and as he stood there, in the warm, mellow light of the August day, his heart was filled with joyous anticipations, vistas of happiness that stretched around and onward, into the coming years. A slight knock at the door interrupted his day-dreams.

"A telegram, Sir Geoffry."

"Wait a moment, Brown," as he tore it open. "All right, no answer. Where is Miss Estcourt?"

"In the morning-room, Sir Geoffry."

"Thanks! That will do. But see to those guns, and put them carefully in their cases."

And then he walked off with his telegram and made for his sister's sitting-room.

"They will leave by the 3.10 train from Waterloo, and be here by dinner time.

"MARCIA."

"I am very glad, Geoffry dear. Their rooms are quite ready."

And as Miss Estcourt watched the happy smile on her brother's face, she reached his head down to her level and kissed his forehead.

"God bless you, dear."

There was no need for more words. A tender and true love existed between these two. Miss Estcourt was a pale, gentle woman, long past her first youth, indeed she was forty, and had had troubles and trials of her own.

Yet she longed with a great longing to see a happy wife reigning in the dear old home, to hear the glad voices of children echoing through its silent rooms. For she and her brother were the last of their race.

Now there seemed a chance. She knew her brother's secret, and how deeply his heart was set on Carmen Massingbird. And, as Geoffry left the room, humming some gay snatch of song, her eyes followed him with soft affection.

Her work fell from her hands. She leant back in her chair, and gave herself up to a reverie.

Yes, twenty years ago she too had loved; nay, was not the fragrance of that love ever in her heart? And the love of her youth had been handsome Herbert Massingbird. He on his side had felt a kind love for the gentle companion of his boyhood and the friend of his maturer years.

But the time came that his regiment was ordered abroad, and, while on foreign service, his fate brought him across the beautiful young Spanish girl, Carmen Pereira, then he felt his heart for the first time thrill with passionate love.

It was a love which, compared to his calm regard for Marcia, was as the moonlight to the noontide sun in all its strength.

And when, after many difficulties and obstructions, he at last brought his beautiful young wife and infant child to England, it was to Marcia he turned for sympathy in his pride and happiness.

And then, after a few brief years of joy, the lovely southern flower faded and died, leaving the little Carmen to fill its place in the desolate heart of the unhappy Herbert.

Then it was he required all Marcia's unselfish love to console his anguish, all unconscious of the hidden love she bore him.

And as she sat to-day by the open window and gazed out, hardly seeing the bright, beautiful radiance of the golden August day, she thought not unkindly, not complainingly, but with a gentle touch of sadness, of her own heart's hunger all these long years, so silently borne that no one had ever guessed her secret. They only wondered she had never married.

Thus had she lived her life at the old place, looking after Sir Geoffry's interests during his many years of exile, and now it seemed as if her hopes would be realized; that the lovely young mistress would soon be settled at Estcourt, while she, Marcia Estcourt, would so gladly take up her abode at the Old Dower House that overlooked the common.

It would be such a little distance from the Place to the Dene as the Dower House was called; and then, by-and-by, the children would come to and fro—yes, Geoffry's children—and they would fill the empty space in her heart.

As these thoughts shaped themselves, a tender happiness imprinted itself on her face. For all her hopes, all her fears were bounded by the house of Estcourt.

CHAPTER IV.

MISS ESTCOURT folded her work neatly, opened the lid of her work table, and put it in.

"I shall fill Carmen's room with nice flowers; the child loves everything beautiful."

She left the room, but presently returned with scissors and a good-sized basket, and passed out through the French windows into the gardens beyond.

She was so engaged when her brother, returning from the stables, met her, basket in hand, laden with flowers.

"A rustic flower show on, Marcia!"

"Yes, dear, in Carmen's rooms."

"Dear Marcia!" and he kissed her affectionately.

The day wore on. Sir Geoffry was as impatient to be at the station as a schoolboy to be out of school. But everything comes to an end, even waiting; and taking the reins from the servant, he drove at a rattling pace.

As he neared the station he could see the distant train and the track of the white vapor.

Now it came nearer and nearer, and as he stood on the platform the carriage containing Colonel Massingbird and his daughter stopped exactly in front of him.

Out stepped the tall soldierly figure of his friend, and beside him:

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies."

stood Carmen, in soft white gown and a straw hat with poppies that made her a vivid foreground. A pretty blush greeted his warm, strong grasp of her hand.

"Well, Estcourt, old fellow! Here we are. How is Marcia?"

"Well; and longing to see you both."

"Then the feeling is reciprocal. She is a cool and refreshing vision this hot, weary day."

"Papa, there is poor Hortense struggling with her feeble English over the luggage. She is trying to count her packages. Do, dear, go and help her."

Her father made off obediently, while Sir Geoffry escorted Miss Massingbird to the carriage without, and watched with great pleasure the white-robed figure and then the red sunshade that threw such rosy tints over her dainty face.

"Your maid can sit on the front seat, Miss Massingbird, by the side of old Dawson. He's as steady as old time, and warranted not to fall in love with the most coquettish of waiting-maids.

"I do not think Hortense would have the faintest objection," answered Carmen in her mellow laughing voice.

"No! How unfortunate! I ought evidently to have provided a young esquire. Dawson is as deaf as a post, but makes up for that infirmity by keen sight."

"Here comes papa and Hortense hot and flurried!"

Colonel Massingbird took his place beside her, and their host sat opposite them.

Hortense did try to get up an incipient flirtation with the ancient Jehu; but he nipped it in the bud by bawling out, at the top of his voice, "I'm hard o'hearing, miss!" and with this subsided into his usual taciturnity. Sir Geoffry laughed.

"That's not encouraging! Never mind, she can try her hand on my man Brown. He's a rare one for the soft sex."

"Is it Hortense of whom you are talking?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes," answered Sir Geoffry, "she was trying it on with Dawson."

"Oh, she will take care of herself, never fear! She flirted with every waiter in the place at Wiesbaden. She is an arrant coquette."

They were close to Estcourt now, and there on the steps to welcome them stood Marcia.

"Ah, Marcia!"

"Herbert! And Carmen! Why, my love, I shall need a new introduction. It is ten years since I saw you last. You were a pretty little girl. And now—well, never mind!"

"I remember, dear Miss Estcourt, it was before I went to school, you were so good to me, and I loved to stay here."

"Well, dear," said the elder woman, kissing her, "I expect the pleasure was mutual. Welcome again. But come indoors out of the hot sun."

Miss Estcourt led the way into the cool flower-scented hall, where afternoon tea stood ready and cosy chairs invited rest.

Carmen instantly threw herself into one with a sigh of satisfaction, and gladly accepted the tea that Geoffry handed her, while the Colonel and Marcia seemed to have plenty to say to each other.

* * * * * *

"How lovely it looks out there, Sir Geoffry," said Carmen, pointing to the distant view, which the open doorway framed like an exquisite picture.

A fountain was throwing up cool jets of water, that tossed and sparkled in the sunlight; round its old marble basin were soft green ferns and delicate mosses delightfully refreshing to the eye, while behind and beyond rose the sloping uplands, crowned with yellow cornfields, now ripe for the harvest; indeed, it had already commenced.

The cloudless blue of the brilliant August day contrasted with the various tints of the just-changing trees, to their rich autumn shades, except the oaks whose midsummer shoots still kept green and fresh. And over everything was that wonderful haze only seen in early autumn.

"It does seem so restful, after our hot, dusty journey in those stuffy carriages, to drink one's tea in this cool, old place. I feel I have a right to be lazy."

He looked down with fond approval at the graceful, careless young form; and it was with regret that he heard his sister presently say, as she came from the other end of the hall:

"If you are ready, Carmen, my dear, I will take you to your rooms, where you can refresh yourself at your leisure. We have yet three quarters of an hour to dinner time. Herbert, I shall leave you in Geoffry's hand."

"I will take care of him, Marcia," said her brother, watching Carmen link her arm in that of her sister, as she went up the broad old staircase at the far end of the hall, watched till the very last glimpse of the white gown had floated from his sight.

"Massingbird, would you like to see the stables? We shall just have time before dinner."

"Nothing better."

The two men walked away discussing the merits of a certain horse which Sir Geoffry had lately purchased, and which he intended should be solely devoted to Carmen's use.

Before the first gong had sounded that young lady had found her way to the old drawing-room, low-pitched, roomy, redolent of lavender and dried rose leaves.

Miss Estcourt (in a pretty arrangement of gray silk and old lace) sat at the far end, near an open window, and watched the tall, graceful figure in its soft clinging primrose silk draperies.

She thought she had never seen a more lovely picture in the dear old room, sacred to so many women of the house of Estcourt, than the one now advancing to meet her.

"Ah, Carmen, you remind me so of your mother. You have her very way of walking. The only difference I can find is that you are fairer and taller."

"I remember too, although I was such a small child, and how she loved me; my pretty mother! 'Her Carmencita,' she always called me! Ah, well! I wish she were here now."

Marcia kissed her affectionately.

"Dear," said she, "you know you are your father's heart's delight."

"Yes, dear Miss Estcourt. We are everything to each other. He is so good, so indulgent."

"Carmen, here come the gentlemen," as Sir Geoffry and the Colonel were seen making their way through the long gallery-like drawing-room.

"We are late, Marcia!"

"No dear. The gong has not sounded yet."

"There it is!"

And the dinner was announced.

What a happy quartette they made, these four. To Marcia, the love of her youth was always a hero. To Carmen, Geoffry was a very Bayard of chivalry, tender, loyal, true. Whether it was the fifteen or sixteen years between their ages, or what not, certainly Carmen idolized him.

In these days she entirely forgot she had ever been through a ceremony of marriage with another man. It was so utterly a thing of the past, she determined to forget it, and really she was succeeding admirably.

"I hope you ladies will bring us our luncheon to-morrow."

"Most certainly we will."

"Where do you begin, Geoffry?" asked the Colonel.

"In the Ladymead, by the stream."

"How many guns?"

"Six in all. Young Gay is one. He will stay here for a few days. He comes to-morrow from Beauclere. You must have met Julius Gay often in town, Miss Massingbird?"

"Indeed, yes. I know two things about him; he is fond of quoting poetry, and splendid at doing a play. Also, he is most kind-hearted."

"Three things to his account, Carmen," said her father.

"True, papa! But women are not always logical or accurate."

"Accuracy is near enough."

"You have apparently forgotten, Geoffry, that Gay accompanies her brother," put in Miss Estcourt.

"Upon my word I did," answered Sir Geoffry, with a gay laugh.

But the very expressive smile in his blue eyes, as they rest on the primrose figure, explained the cause of his oblivion. Blessed are the absent!

Miss Clara Gay would hardly have forgiven this loss of memory. As it was, Miss Gay considered it unpardonable that at the age of thirty-five Sir Geoffry Estcourt should still be an unappropriated blessing.

And as she was endowed with the usual amount of good looks, she intended to execute a good deal of business afore this particular visit.

When Carmen retired to rest that night her dreams were of Geoffry Estcourt; but they were ever marred by the all-pervading presence of Allen Fitzclare.

However, 'dreams are but interludes which fancy makes," and as the morning rose, fair and bright, her dream vanished with the sun. And with the sunshine came Julius Gay and his little sister Clara.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SAGACIOUS young lady has made an important discovery. To prevent other ladies from borrowing her newest music she just writes the name of her best admirer on the margin. She says the borrowers are afraid of the effect the sight of the name would have on their own young men, and don't ask for her "marked copy."

THE slightest sorrow for sin is sufficient, if it produces amendment; and the greatest is insufficient, if it does not.

Scientific and Useful.

POROUS GLASS.—A Paris firm, an exchange states, has produced porous glass for window panes. The pores are too fine to admit a draught, but they assist in ventilation.

TIMBER.—Timber floated in the water for a considerable time is said to be no longer liable to dry rot. The explanation is that the albumen and salts are gradually dissolved out, thus depriving the fungus of the nutriment necessary for its development.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The use of the electric light in theatres has driven paper snow largely off the stage, and the very best imitation has been found to be the scraps and clippings of kid left over from cutting out gloves. They float in the air, descending with a very realistic slowness, and cling visibly to the garments of the actors.

HINTS.—Castors made of leather, for heavy furniture, are a late invention.——A man has invented a scale so delicate in its adjustment that it will turn on the 640th of a carat, detecting flaws in a diamond by weight.——Coal loses from 10 to 40 per cent. of its evaporative power if exposed to the effects of sunshine and rain.——A company is now engaged abroad in converting whale's flesh into "extract of meat." It is said to be fresh in flavor, and free from any disagreeable taste or smell.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE.—A giant locomotive is being constructed in Boston. It is for use on the Atchison Road, and has two cabs, one over the boiler for the engineer, and the other in the usual place for the fireman. The driving wheels are of paper, with steel tires. Economy in fuel is accomplished by a pump which utilizes the exhaust steam to heat water, and by a large combustion chamber, which burns all the gas. It is expected the engine will make eighty miles an hour, with ten coaches, on an ordinary road.

ELECTRIC BRAKE.—A remarkable invention is an electric car brake recently devised. This brake, as its name indicates, is operated by electricity. It can be attached to any car in either freight or passenger service. By the use of a small galvanic battery and a wire running the length of the train both the conductor and engineer have full control of every car. In case the train should accidentally be divided into two sections it acts automatically to set the brake on all the cars in both parts at once. By simply moving a small switch on a dial the brake is instantly applied and the train brought quickly to a standstill. The brake may also be operated on single detached cars. The invention bids fair to revolutionize the railway brake system of the world.

Farm and Garden.

FENCES.—Rail fences are not cheap if the annual value of the land occupied by them is taken into consideration. Wire is much better as well as more durable.

DISEASE.—The stone dwelling-house and the well on the farm cause more disease in the family than anything else. Stone-houses should be weather-boarded to be perfectly dry, and the well should be cleaned out at least once a year.

GRADING.—The yard should be graded with gravel so as to incline the water to flow away from the house, and the well should be also graded, the curb coming a foot or more above the ground. The water should not flow around the house, but away from it.

DAMP FLOORS.—Damp floors cause cold, due to evaporation. The feet of animals are injured, and disease of the limbs occur when they are compelled to stand or sleep on damp locations. The bed of the animal is very important. It is economical to use clean, dry material daily, and not delay changing the bedding until the whole is saturated with urine.

THE LAND.—It is better to make your land produce more rather than to attempt to cultivate more land. The larger the area cultivated the greater the proportionate expense. Even the matter of simply traveling to the distant end of a large farm becomes quite an item in the course of a year. The work should be concentrated on the smallest space that permits of profit.

SELECTING TREES.—When selecting for an orchard something more is necessary than to send an order to the nurseryman for his best varieties. You must first learn which of the varieties are adapted to your climate and soil. Varieties that are suitable in one section may be utterly worthless in another. The nurseryman cannot assist you in the matter, as he can only give you the results of his own experiments. All this must be done in the beginning, any mistakes made may not be discovered until years to come, when it will be too late to rectify them.

IVY.—Ivy may be grown in any part of the room. The pot may be placed on the floor, and the plants so trained as to festoon a window or an arch doorway, or to wreath a picture-frame or mirror. They require to be watered often, yet the water must not be allowed to stand about the roots. There are varieties with golden and silvern variegated leaves; others with lobed, or palmate, or heart-shaped leaves. All are pretty, grow rapidly and endure the heat of our sitting-rooms, with their dust and extremes of temperature and want of light, in a most astonishing manner.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

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The Love That Lives.

There be two kinds of love—that which lives through time and trial, and that which withers before it is ripe, like cut grass spread beneath a burning sun.

But it is the fashion with certain of the cynical to deny the enduring quality of any form of love. It is all a delusion of the senses, they say—a mirage created by the imagination, that fades away as you draw near to it, and evaporates into empty space as you think to make it your own.

The love that does not live is in most cases the affection that is founded on passion for the one part and imagination for the other.

We put out of court the discursive of temperament—the naturally and constitutionally inconstant. These are of course changeable as the wind, unstable as the drifting clouds. It is of no use to rail—they are as they are made.

But we speak of those who are able to be anchored—able to retain one shape and be focussed on one affection, and who yet, by the unfortunate law of their lives, never find the right one.

This is because they are credulous, impulsive and imaginative. They believe all they hear, and round off into a perfect form all they see.

If we want our love to last, we must be careful how we give it, and take some pains to find out that the lock of our treasure-casket will hold.

If we want it to remain with ourselves, when once given, we must make ourselves worthy of it, and be sure that it shall have due nourishment from our virtues. That is the whole gist of the matter.

Setting aside the psychological fact of inborn inconstancy natural to some—a fact as incontrovertible and as irremediable as a hump on the back or a cast in the eye—the love that lives is the love that is worthily bestowed and nobly nourished.

It has nothing to do with a pretty face or a handsome figure. It is independent of costly presents, fine dresses, gay amusements, grand surroundings.

It is possible in a palace and in a cottage; and even education and artificial refinements are more adjuncts than essentials.

Born of mutual attraction in the beginning, it is continued on other and broader and deeper lines. Fitness takes the place of that first mysterious attraction, and esteem is the golden chain which binds the wings of love, so that he cannot fly.

That which at first was instinctive, and therefore by its nature temporary and tentative, becomes at last as strong as the law of gravitation which pulls a planet and keeps it steady in its orbit, though other stars exist to which the loose-holding meteorites flock, and where the eccentric comets lose themselves.

Everyone must needs admire and respect the noble and the worthy, but who so much as that person who has loved in hope, before fuller knowledge translated that hope into certainty?

If you live with a dearly-loved creature, and day after day, year by year you come ever on new traits of kindness, generosity, thoughtfulness, honor, sincerity, what not, how can you help loving him or her with ever-increasing fidelity and sincerity?

In married life respect is as essential as the air we breathe and the bread we eat. Personal liking without this respect lasts only its allotted time. That time may be different with different temperaments, but it has its end with all.

Only esteem—sympathy of habits and nature—can keep it ever unrolling like an endless band—ever moving the great mechanism of emotional life.

It is too much to expect from even the most loving, the most united, that there shall be no hitch anywhere. There must be hitches.

The most perfect mechanism ever made owns at times to disturbances not always traceable to overt causes. What then can be expected from that more sensitive arrangement of human life and emotions, which the smallest touch—a very look—throws out of gear?

But given mutual respect—given the nature and the temper which desire the right, and the difficulty is removed so soon as it appears.

How often we see old people who have, so to speak, grown together like interwined branches of an olive tree. Their lives are as identical as the lives of the Siamese twins, and when one goes the other dies.

The love of their youth has become the friendship, the oneness of their old age, because they have found something deeper than personal attraction and steadier than mere passion. Is not this the love that lives? Surely!

So much the greater value is attached to this rare constancy and continuance when found. It can only come with mutual respect and mutual concessions—with trust and fidelity—with cheerfulness and good nature.

The worry of a nagging temper destroys it as much as perpetual disturbance prevents a seed from germinating. Want of truth, bringing with it want of trust, kills it as frost in a summer night kills the annuals in the borders.

Evil habits of drink, or the like, are as cyclones and tornadoes; but poverty and ill health and misfortune do not touch it more than a summer zephyr touches the willow leaves.

The love that lives is independent of all outward and material circumstances. It can be killed only from within.

Books are a guide in youth, and an entertainment for age. They support us under solitude, and keep us from becoming a burden to ourselves. They help us to forget the crossness of men and things, compose our cares and our passions, and lay our disappointments asleep. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have nothing of peevishness, pride, or design in their conversation.

As true language of the face is universal, so is it very comprehensive. No laconism can reach it. It is the short hand of the mind, and crowds a great deal in a little room. A man may look a sentence as soon as speak a word. The strokes are small, but so masterly drawn that you may easily collect the image and proportians of what they resemble.

There is a difference between energy, force and vigor. Energy is connected with the idea of acting, force with that of capability, and vigor with that of health. Energy lies only in the mind, while force and vigor are the property of either body or mind.

I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God (who is the Searcher of our hearts) all our privacies are open?

Emulation is a noble passion; it is enterprising, but it is just; it makes the conquest for glory fair and generous. True emulation consists in striving to excel in everything commendable; it raises itself, but not by depressing others.

As the stream gradually wears the channel deeper in which it runs, and thus becomes more surely bound to its accustomed course, so the current of the mind and heart grows more and more restricted to the course in which habit has taught them to flow. These intellectual and moral habits form many peculiarities of character, and chiefly distinguish one individual from another. They are, therefore, of the utmost importance.

Facts are to the mind the same thing as food to the body. On the due digestion of facts depend the strength and wisdom of the one, just as vigor and health depend on the other. The wisest in council, the ablest in debate, and the most agreeable companion in the commerce of human life, is that man who has assimilated to his understanding the greatest number of facts.

Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of a cady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

Those who are in the power of evil habits must conquer them as they can—and conquered they must be, or neither wisdom nor happiness can be attained; but those who are yet subject to their influence may, by timely caution, preserve their freedom; they may effectually resolve to escape the tyrant, whom they will very vainly resolve to conquer.

Six and hedgehogs are born without spikes; but how they prick and wound after their birth we all know. The most unhappy being is he who feels remorse before the (sinful) deed, and brings forth a sin already furnished with teeth at its birth, the bite of which is soon prolonged into an incurable wound of the conscience.

The truth of our individual ability to have a share in raising the Eternal Temple is full of comfort and encouragement. The child's hand may mould, the poor man's arm may carry, the struggling widow may adorn, the aged saint may set in place there, some taken with which God is well pleased.

Vicious habits are so great a stain to human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he were sure they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion.

Our strength often increases in proportion to the obstacles which are imposed upon it; it is thus that we enter upon the most perilous plans after having had the shame of failing in more simple ones.

True knowledge which we have acquired ought not to resemble a great shop without order, and without an inventorp; we ought to know what we possess, and be able to make it serve us in need.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither are deceived, since words that cost little are exchanged for hopes that cost less.

The opinions of the misanthropical rest upon this very partial basis, that they adopt the bad faith of a few as evidence of the worthlessness of all.

If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.

If the passions sometimes influence us more than the judgment, it is because they give us more force to execute them.

The World's Happenings.

Ostriches sell for $1,000 per pair in California.

Springfield, Mass., licenses her rag pickers.

A Camden, S. C., man attempted to pawn a horse.

A box on the ear resulted in an Ohio man losing his hearing.

Orders for Christmas trees are already being received in Maine.

The town in Kansas most noted for divorce suits is named Concordia.

A strike among the journeymen tailors of St. Joseph, Mo., lasted just half an hour.

The Harbor Springs, Mich., wooden toothpick factory makes 1,200,000,000 picks per day.

Four men at Gainesville, Fla., killed, in twenty days, 600 alligators for their hides and teeth.

Dried grapes, a cheap substitute for raisens, are making their first effort for a place in this market.

A Liberty county, Ga., man is attending school with his two children. He is at the head of the class.

An aged pair, 71 and 64 years respectively, of Louisville, not only got married, but eloped also.

On a wager, E. S Hall, of Lowell, Mass., held his arm out straight for one hour and fifty minutes.

Two little pet dogs, wearing sealskin blankets, attracted attention in New York on a recent afternoon.

An ingenious farmer of Shiloh, Ga., has resorted to the use of half-inch pine boards as a substitute for bagging.

Potatoes are selling at Davenport, Iowa, at from 15 to 18 cents per bushel, and onions as low as 12 cents per bushel.

A boulder lying near the railroad track at Wellesley Station, Mass., tore off the steps of six cars without doing any other damage.

In one vineyard in Chautauqua county, N. Y., 20 000 brown paper bags were tied over the bunches of grapes in order to prevent bruising and mildew.

Silver dollars to the number of 23 300,000—they weigh about 700 tons—have just been stowed away in the new Treasury vaults at Washington.

A prairie chicken is reported to have stopped a train in Kansas by flying against the bell rope with such force as to ring the gong in the locomotive.

A herd of swine in Marion county, Cal., got drunk eating grape pomace and then began fighting, one of them being so badly injured that it was necessary to kill it.

As Chinese immigration is prohibited, the Chinese laundrymen have combined to advance the price of washing, no longer fearing competition from their countrymen.

A pocketbook containing five hundred dollars and valuable papers was found on the street by a New Haven lad. He ran after the owner and returned the property, receiving the munificent reward of one dollar.

Arrangements were made for the funeral of Mrs. Alexander Young, of Brookings, D. T., the other day, but when the coffin was being trimmed she came out of the stupor and remained conscious. Her chances for recovery are good.

James Clancy, of Chicago, had his nose bit off by a horse the other night. He was feeding the animal in its stall at the time. He started for the nearest drug store, but, becoming weak from the loss of blood, fell insensible on the way.

A Washington colored man, when on trial for carrying a razor, explained that he was a brickmaker and used the razor to pare off the bricks. "That is a new use for razors," said the Judge, as he imposed a fine of $25 or 25 days in the Correction.

A former inmate of the Napa, Cal., Hospital for the Insane was detected discharging explosives near the institution, and in explanation he said that "one of the attendants always disturbed his night's rest while he was a patient, and he was getting even."

Out in Dakota the money sharks who prey on the struggling agriculturalists have reduced usury to a science. In nearly every case they require the farmer to give a note with the face value of $125 for a loan of $100, the face value of the note to draw 12 per cent. interest per annum.

There is an old superstition among farmers that the date of the month added to the number of the month in the year when the first snow falls will give the number of snow-storms for the winter. If this be true, then we shall have 38 snows this winter, the first snow having fallen on the 29th day of the 9th month.

A Connecticut schoolteacher, who was recently forbidden by the school authorities to punish pupils by putting sticks an inch or two long between their jaws and tying their hands behind them, is said to have since then punished the unruly by sealing their mouths with court-plaster, occasionally seasoned with cayenne pepper.

The other day at Kearney, N. J., a 50-foot flag-staff on the cupola of a mill was splintered by lightning and the building set on fire. Fifty yards distant stood the tallest chimney in the country, 235 feet high, and surmounted by a cast-iron cap weighing 18 tons, yet the electric fluid sought the flag-staff rather than the lofty chimney.

Bernard Meyer, of Omaha, recently felt a slight pain under his left shoulder. The pain soon became intense, and a doctor was sought. An examination of the spot revealed a hard substance, which, on being extracted, proved to be a needle in good condition. Meyer had no recollection of a needle having entered his body, but his mother says that it occurred when he was an infant, 24 years ago.

FOR LOVE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

What would I do for love?
Let me consider a little breath
What I would do for love, she saith;
I would take what was dear before love came
And cast it into a fiery flame,
Were this love's aim.

What would I do for love?
Now, let me think a little space
What I would do for dear love's face.
I would take all hope of felicity
And fling it into the bottomless sea,
If love bade me.

What would I do for love?
Let me think what sacrifice I could make,
What else I could do for love's dear sake,
A dagger I'd drive to my heart until
The last drop of my blood I'd spill,
Were this love's will.

A New Complaint.

BY SYDNEY GREY.

"MARY," said Mrs. Tipping to her neat parlor-maid, who was laying the table for luncheon, "I can see the postman coming. Run to the door—there's a good girl! Your master is home; and, if he is in pain again, that thundering double knock will only irritate him and make him worse."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mary; and she lost no time in obeying the order; for, with a bad attack of toothache, Mr. Tipping was—as she remarked in the snug privacy of the kitchen—"nothing more nor less than a raging lion," and, as such, not lightly to be provoked.

The letter was for Mrs. Tipping, who forthwith proceeded to read it—not with unmixed pleasure apparently, for, while her eyes travelled along the closely-written lines of old-fashioned angular writing, the corners of her pretty mouth took a downward curve and a decided frown began to pucker the little woman's brow. The puckering however was stopped by the re-appearance of Mary with a message from cook, who wanted to know whether she should send up soup or oysters.

Mrs. Tipping deliberated gravely, as if the fate of empires hung on her decision.

"Oysters, I think, Mary; the soup will do at dinner, unless master happens to fancy some now."

"Which he's certain sure to, if it ain't there!" murmured Mary.

"And I do hope," continued Mrs. Tipping, "that cook has made it as good as possible. We must keep up his strength, poor fellow, or he will quite break down, working so hard."

Assenting sympathetically, Mary went down stairs and told cook that it was as pretty a sight as ever she saw, "mimms coddling up master." Cook only hoped he would get as much "coddling" when he had been married two years instead of two months.

No such foreboding troubled the master of the household, who was at that very moment making for the dining-room like a schoolboy just let loose from school. It was such a relief to get away from the consulting-room, where he had been kept for the last half-hour listening to a prosy patient describing his symptoms over and over again!

Now it was his turn to be pitied and petted; and both processes seemed likely to be conducted in the pleasantest possible fashion, for no sooner did Mrs. Tipping hear the sound of her lord and master's footstep than she hastily put the finishing touches to the flowers on her luncheon-table, and ran to greet him with the loving question, "How is it now, darling?"—"it" being apparently her husband's cheek, which she stroked and patted affectionately, raising herself on the tiptoe that she might do so more effectually.

Thomas Tipping, more familiarly known among his friends as Tom Tipping, standing six feet one in his stockings, and being altogether a fine manly looking young fellow, did not appear a likely subject to be wholly prostrated by an attack of toothache; nevertheless, in answer to the next inquiry—"Is the pain very bad, dear?"—which followed anxiously on the first, he answered dolefully—

"Very bad, ducky!"

"Poor darling—and you have such heaps to do! Three messages came after you had gone this morning. Did Mary tell——"

"Yes—two new patients, and old Mrs. Johnson on the list again. I say, Tot," cried Tom; more exultantly than was quite in harmony with his *rôle* of sufferer, "if this sort of thing goes on, I shall have a big practice in no time."

"Of course you will!" affirmed little Mrs. Tipping. "And now, dearest, you must try to make a good luncheon, or that horrid pain will wear you out. What shall it be? I thought of oysters and stout."

"Ah," said the invalid, trying to hide the gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, "yes; perhaps I may manage a few—that is, if you haven't any soup!"

"Didn't I say so?" muttered Mary at the sideboard. "Men are that contrary!"

"Oh, but there is soup if you prefer it, dear! Mary, tell cook——"

"Er—no, never mind, my love. Oysters will do, Mary," observed the master of the house graciously; and, judging by the number of empty shells which Mary subsequently carried down, they did very well indeed.

After luncheon Mr. Tipping consulted his pocket-book preparatory to starting on his afternoon round.

As he could do this much better with his wife perched comfortably on his knee, the pocket-book enlightened them both at the same time.

"Oh, Tom, what a long list! Why, you'll hardly be back to dinner! How unlucky it is that you should be so very busy!"

"No, no, darling—don't say that. I am not afraid of work, and we cannot expect to get on without it. We must be very thankful that it comes."

"I know, dear; and so I am indeed," said Tot penitently and with a sweet grave look, which instantly impelled Tom to kiss her. "I only meant just now, while you are not well."

"That makes it harder, of course; and, apart from that," continued the young surgeon thoughtfully, "the patients are really getting so widely scattered about that I shall either have to give some of them up or start a brougham. The awkward part of it is that I don't see my way to either arrangement—we cannot do without the patients, and we cannot yet afford the carriage."

"No; but you ought to have one. You don't think, do you, Tom, that, if I were to do without cook, and be very, very saving——"

"Never, for instance, indulging me with an oyster luncheon!" suggested Tom slily. "No, Tot; set your mind quite at rest—you cannot manage for me better than you do, darling, so don't worry your little head about that. The brougham will come in good time, I dare say. Hallo—here's a letter! Any secrets? From the *mater*, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes; it came this morning, and made me so angry!"

"A bit of a lecture—oh, Tot? Suggestions for the proper management of the cook, with hints concerning the general incapacity of young housekeepers nowadays; elaborate instructions as to the best method of utilizing fish-bones, or what? The dear old folks mean well, darling, so you must not mind."

"I would not mind anything if they had only more consideration for you," declared Mrs. Tipping. "What provokes me is their cool way of treating your ailments compared with the fuss they make when Ernest is at all out of sorts"—Ernest was Tom's eldest brother. "If he has so much as a finger-ache, they cry out that he is overworked; while you, dear uncomplaining fellow—— Now, Tom, don't be in a hurry—you must just wait and hear this little bit! Where is it? Um—'housemaid leaving'—'white feathers and a fringe'—'insist on use of save-alls.' 'Ernest'—ah, now listen!—'Ernest has returned from Ventnor, looking the better for his hard-earned holiday; we trust he will husband his precious strength. His curate is now away, and Ernest is preaching twice on Sundays, which, in addition to his overwhelming parish-work, is a great strain. Sorry to hear dear Tom has toothache: a little hartshorn and oil might give relief if well rubbed in on the top of his head.'"

"Top of his hat more likely!" muttered Tom derisively.

"'My dear,'" continued Mrs. Tipping, reading the letter, "'there is one blessing—it is not a complaint which kills.' There!" she exclaimed, indignation giving quite a brilliant glow to her brown eyes. "Did you ever hear anything so unkind? I believe they think you never suffer, and find the practice merely an amusement!"

"Never mind, ducky," said Tom, kissing his little wife; "if you wanted sympathy, you should not have mentioned such a common malady as a toothache. You should have called it by a grander name, and told them I was suffering from maxilliary ostitis."

"Oh, Tom!" gasped Mrs. Tipping, horror-stricken. "Are you?"

"Or toothache, if you like the sound of that better," said Tom, laughing. "Good-bye, dear; I must be off!"

The young wife ran to the window and proudly watched the retreating figure of her husband, for she had been married only two months.

How handsome he looked—so tall and straight—quite like a military man! Presently he disappeared round the corner, and, the prospect out of doors no longer possessing any attraction for her, Mrs. Tipping left the window, drew a low chair to the fire, opened her work-basket, and was soon stitching away busily at a smoking-cap, which she felt certain would have a killing effect perched on Tom's wavy hair while he enjoyed his evening pipe.

Not that he enjoyed it much lately, poor fellow, for his tiresome tooth seemed to make a point of tormenting him the moment he sat down quietly.

It was overwork, no doubt; for Tom himself admitted that attempting to do too much work was apt to cause a low state of the nerves; and really he was hardly ever free from patients. This however was no more than might have been expected, in Tot's opinion.

She had always been quite certain that they would come in shoals as soon as he became known, and that little Doctor Coster, the other practitioner of Fairfield, would have to hide his diminished head, although he did drive a carriage-and-pair. Ah, if Tom could only afford to have a brougham!

He might borrow some money if he were not so dreadfully particular and afraid of getting into debt. He would even ask the old people to help him, although they were rolling in riches—saving hundreds every year, Tom reckoned.

It seemed very hard, when just one or two hundred pounds would be such a help.

"I wish I was able to touch their hearts!" thought Mrs. Tipping; and then she suddenly dropped the smoking-cap, gave a little gasp, and cried, "The very thing! I declare I'll try!"—and broke into such a ripple of laughter that her pet canary accepted the merry peal as a challenge, and began an opposition song, while Mary, coming in with the coals, stared in amazement.

"Oh, Mary," said Mrs. Tipping, laughing still more at her handmaid's bewildered face, "you don't happen to know, do you; how to spell 'aux—auxiliary ostitis'?"

"No, ma'am, I don't!" replied Mary, making rapidly for the door; for, as she afterwards explained, she really had fancied the poor dear had "turned her head" over some of the Doctor's books, which were enough to make anybody's brains go round, with their long words and pictures of bones and skeletons.

Mrs. Tipping's next proceeding was to run into the study and hastily consult several large volumes—with no success however, for she only shook her head in a puzzled fashion over their contents; finally, pushing them away, she sat down at Tom's desk and began to write a letter.

It was an artful composition, this letter to Tot's mother-in-law—carefully worded so as to strike the weak points of that lady.

It began with a pæan of thanksgiving for sundry household economies of her recommendation, and went on innocently to testify to their undoubted value and success.

Then it touched lightly but feelingly upon the iniquities of servants in general, with a special note of condemnation for those whose minds were given to such vanities as feathers and a "fringe."

Its fourth and final page being reached by this time, the *raison d'être* of the whole epistle appeared in this style—

"By-the-bye, Tom is very busy. Everybody is beginning to want him now that they know how kind and nice he is. We ought to be very thankful; and so we should be, only we know it cannot last. It might if Tom could afford to hire a brougham, but that of course is out of the question, though Norman, the livery-stable keeper, has a neat one, dark blue picked out with white; and Tom says a hundred invested in that way would bring him a good return—in fact, he would soon have an immense practice. He naturally does not like to refuse patients, but he may just as well do so before it is too late. There is no use in sacrificing his life; and that is what it may come to, for—— I don't wish to alarm you, my dear mother, but you will not wonder if I feel depressed when I tell you he has at length owned to me that what he is really suffering from is auxiliary *ostitis*. However, I try for Tom's sake not to meet trouble half-way; and, if so dreadful a fate as to be left a widow in the first year of my married life awaits me, I must trust that I shall be enabled to bear what now seems unbearable."

"There," said Mrs. Tipping, as she fastened the envelope and rang the bell—"it can do no harm if it does no good! Mary, take that to the post at once!"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Mary, much relieved at the simplicity of the request.

While the girl ran across the road, transfixing the sensitive heart of the baker's man with the united charms of her bright eyes and pretty mob-cap, her mistress hastened up-stairs to rearrange her hair before dinner and to put on the dress that Tom liked best.

Mrs. Tipping said nothing about her little experiment—she meant to wait and see how it worked.

Unluckily it worked in a manner she had not calculated upon; and it was with considerable dismay that on the next day but one, when she was watching the postman and wondering whether he had a reply to her letter, she saw a cab with a large portmanteau on its roof and with its interior apparently blocked up with numerous packages stop at the front-door.

A way being cleared for her exit, there appeared an elderly lady of tall and severe aspect, whose one object seemed to be to grasp each and all of her belongings at the same time.

Recognizing the impossibility of this, she at length effected a compromise by tightly clutching a hand-bag, a cap basket and an umbrella, and, thus equipped, received the affectionate salutation of her daughter-in-law, who, with a warning cry to Mary, had risen to the occasion, and hospitably opened the door to her unexpected guest.

It took some little time to settle a slight difference of opinion between the cabman and his fare; but, this being successfully accomplished by means of a shilling surreptitiously slipped into his hand by Tot, Mrs. Tipping senior seated herself by the drawing-room fire, and proceeded to explain over a refreshing cup of tea the motive of her visit.

Tot's letter had much alarmed them, and she had felt it her duty not only to answer it in person, but come prepared to stay and give what help she could during her son's alarming attack of——

"What did you say it was, Frances?" "Frances" was young Mrs. Tipping's baptismal name.

The wretched Tot vowed to herself that she would never be so deceitful again. Oh, what would Tom say—Tom, who, though very fond of his mother, made no secret of the fact that the dear old lady had always worried him?

It required some tact to parry the anxious and minute inquires as to the invalid's condition and symptoms; but Tot managed not to commit herself beyond saying that Tom would undoubtedly be better if he could take things more easily.

At the first click of his latch-key she vanished and waylaid him in the hall, eager, like a skilful general, to strengthen her forces by the assistance of a powerful ally.

"Eh? Why, what is all this?" cried Mr. Tipping, as he knocked his shin against the portmanteau and then stumbled over a basket-trunk of alarming proportions.

"Hush, dear—not so loud! Stay—come in here!"—pulling him into the surgery and carefully shutting the door. "It's your mother, Tom; she's come to stay."

"The dickens she is!"

"And, oh, darling, it's all my fault, and I'm dreadful sorry! But I did so wish you could have a brougham; and I wrote and told them you were overworked and had got auxiliary ostitis!"

"Got what?" cried Tom; and his mouth began to twitch and his eyes to twinkle; and then there came such an uproarious outburst of laughter that Tot was nearly frightened out of her wits.

"Oh, Tom, do be quiet! She will hear you, I'm certain. Oh, how can you be so unkind? I thought you would help me. Do—do!. Hush! It is cruel of you, Tom. Oh, what shall I do, and what on earth is there to laugh at?"

"'Auxiliary!'" said Tom, almost choking in the attempt to suppress his laughter. "I never heard of 'auxiliary os——'"

"Why, you told me yourself you had it!"—indignantly.

"I said 'maxillary.'"

"Is that all?" What nonsense! Now, Tom, do you mean to help me, or will you make me a laughing-stock to your people?"

"My darling," said Tom, growing suddenly serious and conscience stricken as two tear-dimmed brown eyes looked up into his, "what can I do?"

"Just bear out what I said—that is all; and it is really nothing but the truth that you are overworked and suffering from—from——"

"Is the complaint supposed to be dangerous?" said Tom, with becoming gravity. "We must not risk our reputation for consistency."

"I think I did rather imply that it was," confessed Tot, remembering her pathetic allusion to the prospect of a speedy widowhood. "And, Tom dear, your appetite is generally so good that it might make an impression if you would n't mind for once eating a very light dinner."

"Oh, come," growled the victim—"when a fellow has been out all day and comes home jolly hungry, it's rather hard lines!"

"I've made it as easy for you as I could; there will be only the cold beef, which you say is tough, and a hot potato-pie—your special abomination, you know."

"Where are the partridges?"

"Saved until to-morrow—a festive dish, don't you see, which we have only once in a way, and this time in honor of our visitor."

"Humph! Diplomatic, if disappointing! Do you suppose she will stay long?" questioned Tom gloomily.

"There is just one chance against it—your father's gout. If he is worse and writes to-morrow, she will feel compelled to go back."

"Then why in the world has she brought all this luggage?"

"Oh, that's her way! Now be a good boy, and mind your 'p's' and 'q's' for my sake. I have a presentiment," said Mrs. Tipping, as she tripped away, "that the gout will come to our rescue."

It did. The very next morning brought an urgent entreaty from old Mr. Tipping for the immediate return of his "better half."

Tom had a wife to look after him, and he—Tipping senior—wanted his.

Tom's mother therefore prepared to depart as hastily as she had come; and it was highly gratifying to the two conspirators to know that the old lady went away deeply imbued with the notion that poor dear Tom was in a bad way, and that, unless immediate measures were taken for his relief, something serious might happen.

The fact was, everything had conspired to favor Tot's design.

Tom had really had an arduous day; it was lightened however by the prospect of the usual cosy *tete a tete* dinner, at which some dainty, specially concocted for his gratification, was generally served.

But the order of the day seemed suddenly to have changed to plain substantial fare, served with Spartan severity, even the usual tasteful arrangement of flowers being reduced to one small bunch in the middle of the table.

Although Tom knew Tot did it that his mother might not think her extravagant, he felt defrauded and cross, and, in the gloomy looks with which he regarded the cold beef and the indifference he displayed to the attractions of a really delicious potato-pie, that astute old dame saw only further evidence of the mysterious malady which had attacked her son, who could not, as Tot pathetically remarked when Mary most opportunely entered with a hasty summons for the doctor, even sit down to his dinner in peace.

As luck would have it too, the night-bell rang violently after they had all gone to bed; so that at breakfast Tom Tipping looked worn enough even to satisfy hard-hearted Tot.

He was in pretty good spirits though, especially after the post came in—so good, in fact, that his faithful little wife had to give him a warning glance, which he acknowledged by suddenly assuming an expression of gravity, not to say dejection.

The same afternoon, as Mrs. Tipping senior was about to depart, she said—

"Well, my boy"—with a most unusual display of affection—"you must take care of yourself. And, Tom, you—you do not consider your complaint likely to be serious, do you?"

"Not necessarily, mother; but it is useless to deny the fact that death does frequently ensue—at some time or other," added Tom, in a lower tone, catching sight of his wife's startled face.

"My dear! But in your case?"

"In my case an operation may stay its progress—I shall probably try it."

The arrival of the cab being announced at this moment prevented any further awkward questions on the part of the elder lady, who was speedily transferred to the tender mercies of a jovial but bibulous looking John. Tot however found time to whisper anxiously—

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"That I must have that tooth out, my dear," said Tom laconically.

"Of course! How stupid of me not to know!"

Tot heaved a sigh of relief, and added proudly, "You played your part beautifully, dear!"

"What was the good?" grumbled Tom.

"Wait, and you will see," observed little Mrs. Tipping, with the air of an oracle.

Tom only laughed, and said she was a goose; but a week later, when he opened a letter from his father, he called her a witch, for enclosed was a cheque for $500—"to meet the expense of a brougham, my boy, which your mother informs me is really necessary, your practice having so largely increased that the work is telling upon your health. I trust this may be fancy on her part; but, at all events, a carriage will give you a better standing among your professional brethren."

"To be sure it will!" said Mrs. Tipping; and she so far forgot her matronly dignity as to indulge in something very like a hornpipe. "Now, Tom, you see there was some good in auxiliary ostitis."

"Maxillary!" corrected Tom.

"Oh, it's all the same!" persisted Tot sweetly. "You can't deny that it has proved a good auxiliary to us."

* * * * * *

Three years have passed away, and Doctor Tipping—he is an M. D. now—no longer hires Norman's modest "pill-box." He keeps a carriage of his own—in fact, two carriages—for, besides the brougham that appears every morning at his door, there is an elegant equipage of diminutive proportions in which a very youthful gentleman—a recently-arrived member of the Tipping household—takes a daily airing.

Things have gone well with the young doctor, and hard work does not as yet appear to have made any inroads on his constitution.

In fact, he has enjoyed the best of health since the memorable day when his wife furnished him with A New Complaint.

That Letter.

BY SYLVIA.

I AM very sorry for you, Stephen, but I am powerless to help you at present."

"I know it, Mrs. Thaxter, I know it! I have implicit confidence in you."

Mrs. Thatcher detected a faint emphasis on the last word. She replied emphatically:

"And in Lottie."

"Certainly. She means no harm; she is dazzled by visions of herself as a successful prima donna. I cannot blame her for not being willing to give up the future riches and education; I have nothing to offer her in comparison with that."

Stephen Liscomb was bitter, and did not do himself justice when he said, "nothing."

To the girl to whom he had been engaged for nearly two years, he could offer an honest heart, an intelligent brain, strong arms, and sincere love.

Until this summer, Lottie had thought that that was all the world to her.

"I wish Buonarotti had never come near us," exclaimed Mrs. Thaxter. "It was an unlucky day for us when we heard Lottie sing, and convinced her that with a year or two of study under competent masters she would make a famous singer. I dare say she will be famous—Lottie has a fine voice; but will she be happy? After the novelty has worn off will she not regret that she has cast you aside?"

"She may; the day may come when she will repent of this morning's decision, for I think she does love me."

Stephen hesitated, but Mrs. Thaxter reassured him.

"She does love you, and always will: she is not fickle."

"Then I have something to hope for! If you ever see the hour that finds her disposed to recall me, give her this message: tell her I love her with an undying love, and will wait patiently for one word from her which will warrant me in coming to her," said Stephen, earnestly. "I will say no more to her now; I have begged her for my sake to give up the idea of going into public life, and she has refused decidedly, almost contemptuously. I shall never implore her again; she must make the first advances."

Mrs. Thaxter did not attempt to overrule his decision, for she realized that it was a wise one; he had indeed used every available argument to try and persuade Lottie to renounce her visions of fame and wealth; he had even asked her to marry him before she went to Milan, that he might at least be with her to protect her; but no, she was not willing to relinquish "her career." Then he said:

"I do not want a divided heart, Lottie; if you prefer the possibility of fame to the certainty of my love, I will release you from your engagement."

"Very well! Now we are both free," Lottie replied, with a little anger.

She had had no idea of breaking her engagement to Stephen; in her brightest day-dreams there had always been the thought that, when she was a lyric queen, popular and wealthy, she would return to her lover and share all with him.

That he was apparently so ready to resign her was, for the moment, a disagreeable surprise; but when her mother related to her the above conversation, she understood his feelings, and her anger vanished.

Stephen had not intended that his message to Lottie should be delivered now; but Mrs. Thaxter could not keep anything from her only for so much as five minutes; with other people she was reticent enough, but Lottie was her second self.

So Mrs. Thaxter and Lottie bade adieu to their native town, and were soon in Milan, where the latter gave herself up to hard study and unromantic, unceasing scales.

Her master praised her voice and encouraged her to persevere; she and her mother had a moderate fortune, therefore she was not forced to hasten her debut by any pecuniary necessities, and willingly agreed to a three years' course of study.

But after the first year she became weary, discouraged, and home-sick; sometimes she mentally echoed her mother's wish, that Buonarotti had never come near her.

The constant jealousies and bickerings of other students disgusted her; the hatred occasionally shown by successful singers to their younger rivals intimidated her; and when she saw the number of American girls under Maestro C——'s tuition, each one confident that she alone was to be the great operatic star of the future, she was dismayed; the majority of these aspirants must, of necessity, be either only moderately successful, or else must fail entirely.

He future did not seem so assured.

"What becomes of all these would-be prime donne?" she asked the maestro one day.

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands as he replied:

"What becomes of all the pins and needles?"

Instead of visions of crowded audiences, gaily-lit theatres, rapt listeners, her mental eye often saw the pretty cottage that Stephen had bought when he was expecting to marry her; although her bodily gaze fell on fruit and flower-laden orange and lemon trees, sombre-leaved olives, fig-tree and vineyard, she beheld instead the luxuriant young maple and the tall old elm in front of that cottage, the apple, pear, and cherry trees just outside the cheery little kitchen.

What had once seemed a dull prospect of a humdrum life, now appeared in its true light, the happy home-life, full of domestic duties and pleasant cares, sweetened by a husband's love, and perfected by the clinging arms of little children.

In exchange for this, what was the most that she could reasonably expect? Money, fame, hard work, jealousies, and perhaps slander.

"Mother," said Lottie, one day, "do you think it would be very wrong for me to give up and settle down to private life?"

"Wrong? No, indeed, my love! Has anything occurred to vex you?"

"No; but I am tired, tired out! What does it all amount to, anyway? I wish I had never come here."

"I do not. If you had not come, you could never have been convinced that it was not a wise thing. If you had never tried this life, you would never have been contented after Buonarotti had fired your ambition."

"Perhaps not. Do you ever hear from Stephen?"

Mrs. Thaxter looked up in pleased surprise; she understood Lottie's meaning better than the girl had intended she should.

"No, my dear, I write very few letters. Why do you not write to him? Remember his message."

"I don't like to," answered Lottie, her face covered with blushes. "It seems like—like begging him to marry me."

"Not at all. Don't be too proud to acknowledge an error, and so let pride ruin your life! It was your own decision that separated you two."

A little more thought, a little more persuasion from Mrs. Thaxter, and Lottie decided to write.

She knew that he was still in his old home and still unmarried, for she had one or two correspondents in her native town, and "young Dr. Liscomb" was too important a person there for such an event as his marriage to remain unchronicled.

The letter, an honest confession of her mistakes, of her weariness even now of the life she had chosen, and of her desire to forget it and be forgiven, was sent the very next day.

In about a month she could reasonably expect a reply; but, unreasonably perhaps, she expected to see him instead.

Two months passed, three, four, and no reply came.

"I am sorry you and I, mother, put so much faith in Stepen's professions of undying love," said Lottie, after nearly five months of weary waiting. "But I suppose I must not blame him for inconsistency; it is not only women who are fickle."

"Perhaps he never got the letter," suggested Mrs. Thaxter. "Hadn't you better write again, or let me write?"

"No, indeed, no more letters to him! He did get it, for Emily Sargent was at his house visiting his sisters when the letter came; she recognised my writing, so she wrote to me, and was surprised that neither Mary nor Ella did; they laid it on his writing-table, wondering who was his foreign correspondent. Let's go back to New York, I can easily get engagements in choirs and concerts; and I would rather be settled in a home—even if it is only three rooms—in my own land. You and I will be contented there; will we not?"

Mrs. Thaxter was heartily rejoiced at Lottie's decision.

She had never been so blinded with bright hopes that she could look forward, without distaste, to the Bohemian life of an opera or concert, two days here, a week there, never a home anywhere.

As soon as Lottie announced her intention of not prosecuting her stage studies further, her teacher, finding that it was not idle talk, gave her such fine letters and recommendations that she immediately got an engagement in an excellent choir, and also, for she could sing as well as she was advertised to do, was in constant demand for concerts, in all the large towns and cities.

Three months after her return, she one night saw Stephen Liscomb at a concert; he was sitting but a short distance from the stage, and little Blanche Russell was with him.

For a second it seemed as if she could not open her mouth to sing; but her will was strong, and there was no evident hesitation.

She returned Stephen's gaze as calmly as if he had been a marble statue, but her heart was beating violently.

As they were returning home that night, she told her mother whom she had seen, and added:

"I wonder if they will call on us."

"I hope not. I have no desire to see either of them," answered Mrs. Thaxter, spitefully.

"Why not?" was the wondering question.

"I may as well tell you; you'll be sure to hear it some way: those two are engaged, replied the mother, with kindly brevity.

"How did you hear it?" asked Lottie, after a moment's silence.

"I met Blanche on the street this afternoon, and she told me. She is the last person I should have thought he would choose."

Lottie made no reply, and the subject was dropped.

The next day Stephen and Blanche called.

While they were in Mrs. Thaxter's parlor other visitors entered, and during the hum of conversation Lottie said in a low tone:

"I believe, Dr. Liscomb, that you are a subject for congratulations."

"I? Oh, you mean my engagement."

"Yes, Blanche is a sweet, pretty creature," just the words to apply to the little, fair, blue-eyed girl with rosy cheeks and dimpled chin, but not one bit of expression or character in her face, "and you will doubtless be perfectly happy with Dora for a wife and helpmeet."

"Dora!" repeated literal Mrs. Thaxter, who heard only the last words. "Her name isn't Dora; it's Blanche. How forgetful you are, Lottie!"

"No, mamma; I have an excellent memory."

So had Stephen Liscomb. He remembered his own sharp criticisms on the child-wife when he was reading David Copperfield aloud to Lottie, just before Buonarotti came to disturb their peace.

But he must not sit in silence and hear his affianced bride derided; he hastened to say:

"Dora had, as Blanche has, a warm, loving heart, a true heart, and that is dearer in a woman than strength of mind or—"

"Pray, are the two incompatible?" answered Lottie, appreciating his allusion.

"They seem to be; at least they are rare as a union."

"As rare as constancy in a man! I hope you will not change your mind about Dora after she is your wife; it would be inconvenient," said Lottie, coldly. Then, addressing Blanche, she added, "Come and see us often while you are here; we are very domestic, and go out just as little as possible, mamma and I."

"I shall love to! I do dote on music; and then it seems so romantic to be friends with a charming singer, and hear all sorts of news about her studies and her successes and her lovers!" cried little Blanche, fervently. "When do you sing again?"

"To-morrow evening, for the benefit of St. Ann's Hospital."

"Stephen, you must take me!"

Stephen did. The next morning Blanche came into Mrs. Thaxter's parlor, unattended. When the usual civilities were over she asked.

"Oh, please tell me who that Mr. Stoner is."

"The tenor singer at the concert last night?"

"Yes; hasn't he got a magnificent voice?"

"He has a very sweet tenor voice, though not very powerful. He is, however, not only a singer, but a thorough gentleman and very charitable; his purse and his voice are always at the disposal of the sick or poor."

"His purse! Is he rich?"

"Yes, he has a large fortune."

"Married?"

"No, but very much sought after."

"Oh, do introduce me!"

Lottie could say nothing, as the gentleman in question entered the room at that moment, and Blanche's wish was soon gratified.

Dr. Liscomb could not remain long in New York, but Blanche accepted an invitation to stay five or six weeks there with some friends.

About four weeks after his return home, Stephen received a note from Blanche asking him to meet her at Mrs. Thaxter's at noon on the ensuing Thursday, as she wanted to consult him on some very important matters.

"Something about her trousseau!" muttered he.

Lottie was surprised to see him enter her parlor alone when Thursday came, and yet more so when she learned that Blanche was to be there too; her surprise was so evident that he began to apologize for Blanche's conduct in thus making a convenience of her, but Lottie stopped him.

"No apology is necessary, Mr. Liscomb; it is not a matter of any consequence. And, you know, Dora never did consider any one but herself."

"Blanche is not heartless——"

"No, she is all heart, and feeling, and enthusiasm," answered Lottie, sarcastically. "She is clinging and impulsive: Dora always are; but here she comes."

And in tripped Blanche, fairer and prettier and more doll-like than ever. All out of breath, she cried:

"Oh, Stephen, I don't know what you'll say! But he is so nice; and, then, when you know what this is you'll not mind:

but I expect you'll forgive me!"

Genuine tears were in the big blue eyes as she paused, half out of breath and half because she could not find something in one of her pockets.

Lottie laughed as she exclaimed:

"What do you mean, Dora? Dr. Liscomb is completely mystified."

"What makes you call me Dora? That isn't my name. Oh, here it is!" shouted Blanche, gleefully as she drew from her pocket a torn, crumpled, dirty letter. "Now I can tell you my story! Do you recognize this?"

"No," replied Lottie, wonderingly.

"It is the letter you sent Stephen last March."

"My letter! Give it to me" cried Stephen and Lottie in a breath.

"Yes, your letter. Don't look so savage, Lottie; Stephen never saw it. You know you left Carlo, your darling little Scotch terrier, with Stephen; well, Carlo was always just wild over any of your things, and the day this came, Ella laid it on your table," she indicating her pronouns by a glance at the person alluded to. "Carlo was alone in the room, and when I went in there, a few minutes afterwards, to get a book, the little darling was worrying it like anything; he must have smelt it and pulled it off the table you know."

"Why didn't you take it from him?" asked Stephen.

"Mercy! He would have torn me to pieces; he never did like me."

"Sensible dog!" said Lottie to herself.

"And, pray, why didn't you call some one, or tell me? continued Stephen.

"I—I—to tell the truth, I was awfully in love with you then, and I suspected you cared more for Lottie's old shoes than for all other women. I didn't dare to steal it, though I wanted to, and my heart beat like a sledge-hammer when you came into the library by and by, and saw the paper. But it was so wet and torn that you just tossed it in the waste-basket and never looked at it. After that I didn't mind pocketing it."

Stephen fairly groaned; he glanced at Lottie, but her eyes were cast down, and he could read nothing in her impassive white face.

"But now that I have given it to you, and explained your not answering it—for of course, Lottie, he couldn't answer it when he never saw it—and so brought you two together again, you'll help me, there's a dear! For mamma will be so angry when she finds that I have married Mr. Stoner, and not you——"

"Married Mr. Stoner!" echoed Stephen "What do you mean?"

"Didn't I tell you? I meant to. Yes, we were married this morning—not a soul knew it but his aunt and uncle!" cried Blanche gleefully.

"I thought you were 'awfully' in love with Dr. Liscomb," said Lottie, dryly.

"So I was! He was so kind to me while I was ill with typhoid fever, that I couldn't help it; and then when everybody thought I was dying, I told mamma, and she told him, and somehow—I declare I hardly know what he did say—we were engaged. Now, Stephen, I should feel awfully mean and dishonorable about deserting you for Mr. Stoner, though I love him lots and lots better than I really did you, if I were not sure that you'd give your two ears to marry Lottie. Good-bye."

And before her amazed auditors realised what she was doing, Blanche was out of the room and half way downstairs. Lottie started up as if to go after her, but Stephen caught her hand and cried:

"Oh, my darling, you did not forget me, after all! Tell me what was in that letter?"

The little elm and maple-shaded cottage has a happy mistress, whose day dreams are of more satisfying realities than applauding crowds, gaily-lit theatres, and rapt listeners; and one of its most constant visitors is little Mrs. Stoner, who has become quite accustomed to being called Dora by both Stephen and Lottie.

IMPORTANCE OF SLEEP.—A contemporary says the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not that it is more important, but because it is often harder to get. The best rest often comes from sound sleep.

Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, uneasiness. It will cure insanity. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain.

It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia. It will relieve the langor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure the blues. It will cure the headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed we make a long list of nervous maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness, however, is not so easy, particularly in those who carry heavy responsibilities. The habit of sleeping well, is one which, if broken for any length of time, is not easy regained.

Often a severe illness, treated by powerful drugs so deranges the nervous system, that sleep—is never sweet afterwards, or, perhaps, long-continued wakefulness produces the same effect. Or hard study, or too little exercise of the muscular system, or tea or whiskey drinking, and the use of tobacco.

To break up the habits are required:—First, a good clean bed. Second, sufficient exercise to produce weariness and pleasant occupation. Third, good air, and not too warm a room. Fourth, freedom from too much care. Fifth, a clean stomach. Sixth, a clear conscience. Seventh, avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

For those who are overworked, haggard, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep, otherwise life will be short.

Caught Napping.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

IN a populous city in the west of England lately lived a Jew named Solomon Isaac. That he "lent at usance" would seem to go without saying. He had, in fact, for many years carried on the combined business of a pawnbroker and jeweller.

At the time of which we write he was in decidedly easy circumstances, and having entered upon the declining years of life, he had transferred to his son the active management of his business, and had resolved to take things comfortably.

In appearance, Solomon bore but little resemblance to the conventional Hebrew money-lender. His features, as a whole clearly denoted his extraction; but his nose lacked the significant hook, and his form was portly; while his habitual cheerfulness evinced that he was neither remarkably avaricious nor malevolent.

In the afternoon of a summer day, not many years since, Solomon was seated at his desk in that part of his establishment which was known as "the office." His son was away for the day. The heat was oppressive, and to an attentive observer, it must have appeared that Solomon—like Homer—occasionally nodded.

Solomon was disturbed in his nap by the entrance of a stranger. He was a tall, middle-aged man, showily dressed and self-possessed.

After explaining that unexpected calls had been made upon his purse, he begged that Solomon would accommodate him until the morning with a loan of ten pounds, and he proffered as security a valuable looking diamond ring.

Solomon tested the gold and scrutinized the stones, and, feeling satisfied of the sufficient value of the ring, conceded the desired advance; whereupon, with a profusion of thanks, the stranger—who had given the name of Wilkins—took his departure.

In the morning, the son resumed his duties in the business. He also tested the ring, and, to the amusement of his father, pronounced the stones to be paste, and the value of the ring to be a fifth of the sum for which it had been pledged.

Solomon again examined the stones, and was obliged to concur in his son's opinion. He was extremely mortified in having proved such an easy dupe, and felt highly indignant that an attempt should have been made to swindle him, who had grown old in the trade, and whose acuteness in business was matter of common notoriety.

It was not very long, however, before Solomon regained his usual composure of mind, and when, a little later in the day, a second stranger entered the shop, Solomon stepped forward with alacrity to serve him. The new arrival may be appropriately described as an "elderly gentleman of respectable appearance," and he made known to Solomon his desire to purchase "a trifle for a present."

As he had previously inspected from the outside the contents of the shop window, Solomon at once placed before him for selection a considerable quantity of other jewelry.

The fancy of the gentleman, oddly enough, was at last taken by some rather valuable rings. A nice ring, he though, would answer his purpose admirably; but he was remarkably fastidious.

None of the rings which he looked at would exactly suit, and it seemed to be impossible to please him, when the son fetched from the office and deposited in his father's hands the ring pledged by Mr. Wilkins on the previous day. It was strange that it had not occurred to Solomon to offer this ring.

Both he and his son, by an easy process of reasoning, had arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Wilkins would be unlikely to relieve them of it, and they had therefore determined to sell it.

On beholding this ring, the eyes of the gentleman sparkled. He fitted it on his finger, extolled its beauty, and gazed on it approvingly; yet he seemed unable to come to a decision. With the ring in his hand, he entered, apparently, into an abstruse mental calculation, and finally gave back the ring with a show of great reluctance, and an expression of regret that unless his judgment deceived him, the price must be more than he could afford. Solomon generously inquired what he would give for it, and the gentleman, after some further, hesitation, diffidently suggested twenty five dollars. With this offer Solomon promptly closed, and the gentleman left, apparently quite satisfied with his purchase.

As soon as he was fairly out of hearing, Solomon and his son exulted over their good fortune. The son, in a bantering tone, took the credit to himself for having introduced the ring; but Solomon, while appreciating his son's astuteness, was not to be deprived of the credit of having, as he said, made the best of a bad bargain.

The day, however, had yet another surprise in store. The innocent raillery in which Solomon and his son had indulged had hardly subsided when Mr. Wilkins again appeared upon the scene. With a smile of recognition, he advanced towards Solomon, and informing him that, according to promise, he had come to return the loan with which he had been favored on the previous day, deposited the amount with his ticket on the counter, and politely asked for his ring. Solomon and his son were stupefied, and for some seconds gazed in confusion at each other. The silence was eventually broken by Solomon, who, addressing Mr. Wilkins, explained that having detected that the stones were spurious, they had assumed—and too hastily, as it now appeared—that he would not return to redeem the ring, and it had therefore been sold. At this intelligence, the rage of Mr. Wilkins was intense. It was evident, he said, that they were incompetent to judge of the value of the ring, which was, at least, three times as great as the paltry sum which they had lent him. For what had they sold it? Twenty-five dollars! Ridiculous! They knew that they had no right to sell property received in pledge except at the time and in the manner authorized by law; and had they possessed the right to sell his ring, how could they justify their accepting even five pounds for it, seeing that they did not believe the diamonds to be genuine? In answer to these pertinent inquiries, Solomon could only tender an humble apology for his mistake. But this, as was to be expected, was hardly sufficient; and threatening to consult his legal adviser, Mr. Wilkins strode towards the door.

Solomon could not disguise from himself that it would be extremely awkward to have his character for fair dealing successfully impeached in a court of justice. He had also, as he knew, directly violated the law in two respects—first, in selling within the year allowed for redemption; and secondly, in selling privately instead of by public auction.

As he reflected upon his position his mind filled with alarm, a fact which Mr. Wilkins did not fail to perceive. Solomon, therefore, besought him not to create unpleasantness, and expressed his readiness to make every atonement for the consequence of his error.

This conciliatory attitude on the part of Solomon seemed to soften the resentment of Mr. Wilkins. The ring, he said, was a souvenir, and he prized it highly on that account. But he had no desire to take undue advantage of Solomon's mistake, and would be satisfied with the money value of the ring, which, at the lowest estimate, he put at $150.

It was painful to Solomon to accede to these terms, but it was clear to him that he had no alternative. He was also wise enough to perceive that, while some parts of his conduct would receive the censure of many, the other part would provoke the laughter of all.

He, therefore, doled out the $150, which Mr. Wilkins leisurely gathered up, and bidding both Solomon and his son a friendly adieu, left the shop with the air of one who felt that he was a benefactor to his race.

On the following day, Solomon chanced to be at the local railway station; and had there lingered in his mind the slightest doubt that he had been cruelly victimized, it would have been rudely dispelled when at one of the windows of a train slowly steaming away, he descried the jubilant faces of both Mr. Wilkins and the elderly gentleman, the purchaser of the ring.

Solomon's emotion at the sight of them, and his sense of utter hopelessness, must be left to the imagination of the reader.

A FUNERAL OF ANTS.—The writer saw a large number of ants surrounding some that he had killed, and determined to watch their proceedings. Accordingly he followed four or five that started off from the rest towards a hillock a short distance off, in which was an ant's nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly, two by two, until they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants.

In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the body of one of their comrades, then two others, and so on, till all were ready to march. First walked two ants, bearing a body, then two others with another dead ant, and so on until the whole line was extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants.

Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead body it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus, by occasionally relieving each other, they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, in each of which a dead ant was laid. Then they all fell to and filled up the graves.

This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstance attending this insect funeral. Six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging; these were brought back and killed on the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped into it.

A BEAR visited the hog pen of a Michigan farmer three nights in succession, each time carrying off a shoat. After the third theft the soil-tiller moved a large boar to the pen to welcome the bear on its fourth visit. The boar possessed long horns, and pounced upon brain the moment he appeared. "The bear attempted to hug the enemy, but the porker was too cute to allow this, and after taking numerous blows from the bear's huge paws, as if with a relish, ripped the intruder open with its tusks. Presently the farmer came up with a lantern and an axe and chopped brain's head open."

JEALOUSY is the meanest passion that can influence the human mind.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Marbles, which once in England boasted as many games as there are days in the year, are now fallen upon evil times. Knuckling down is clean forgotten—if the art continues it is called by another name.

The habit of taking morphia is increasing in France to a dangerous extent. Among some wealthier circles it has become quite a fashionable custome, and the most inveterate "morphia maniacs" habitually carry about with them a tiny phial of the drug and a small syringe concealed in a cigarette case, a scent bottle, work case, or some other dainty trifles.

A "School of Marriage" is the latest scheme in New York, and its promoters expect to make it a great success. Only "teachers who have been successful and happy mothers will be employed, and girls will be taught not to plunge into matrimony," but fit themselves for married life by learning its duties. They will also be aided in their selections of husbands.

It appears that the wives of literary men are not wholly bad. It is said that when Nathaniel Hawthorne went home to his wife, and told her that he had been discharged from his post "in the office," she went out of the room without a word. In a few moments she returned with fuel, and lighted the fire, set pen, ink and paper before him. Then, turning a beaming face upon her dispirited husband, she said, "Now you can write your book." The result was "The Scarlet Letter."

A young German of New Haven, Conn., saved the life of the daughter of a wealthy New Yorker in 1884. The father died a few months ago and left the young man $15 000, on one condition that he should marry the girl. A despatch from New Haven states that the young man has been debating whether to accept or refuse the legacy ever since, but last week left New Haven, after announcing to a chum that he intended going to New York and marry the $15 000 girl. He had been paying attention to a young lady in New Haven for some time, but has evidently jilted her.

The following story, if true, is very touching. A little boy of ten years, called Peppino Borelli, is said to have arrived at Milan having come from Nimes, his native town. He lived there with an elder brother who used to ill-treat and beat him, so he determined to seek out a well-to do uncle living at Bologna. He started without a penny in his pocket, and tramped for two months, living on the charity of the people he met with by the way, and he was never, it is said, obliged to go hungry, someone always helped him. He has since reached his destination where it is hoped he will have a happier life.

How does an actress become world-famed? a feuilleton writer, and goes on to explain that their royal road to fortune is to have some of their jewelry stolen from them. According to a rough estimate which a statistician has made concerning thefts of jewelry from actresses, gems of the value of $75 000 000 have been stolen during the last decade, and however greatly the abilities of the police of different countries may differ in other respects they are alike all the world over in never troubling the thieves who victimize the fair Thespians. The jewels are never by any chance recovered, while the paragraphs recording their loss multiply infinitely.

A strange friendship is described by a correspondent. A long-haired mastiff was kept chained as a watch-dog, and when a white fantail pigeon's mate died it attached itself to the mastiff and was continually with it in the kennel. When the dog had its breakfast of porridge and milk the pigeon would eat out of the bowl the same time; and when the dog had finished it would lie flat on its side while the pigeon would perch on its head and pick off the grains of oatmeal that stuck to the hair round its mouth. "The only danger to the pigeon seemed to be that when the dog rushed out of the kennel, suddenly to bark it seemed to forget the pigeon, and we use to fear that the heavy chain might hurt it, but it never was hurt. This friendship lasted many years, until one of the two, I forget which, died."

The remarkable coolness of a Pittsburg burglar assisted him to escape. He broke into a laundry, and, while sorting the garments into a large clothes basket, was surprised by two officers who appeared at a window opening into the yard. The fellow worked so systematically and quietly that the officials thought that he was an employe of the establishment and they therefore asked him why he worked at so late an hour. He replied that he was getting the things ready for the girls, "who will be up soon to do the ironing. I get $40 a month and have to work awful hard to keep my place." He then went to the window and, putting his arm on the sill, said: "My, but this is a disagreeable night to be out in. I would not like to be in the place of either of you gentlemen. Won't you come inside and take a drink? I will open the wine cellar for you." The officers started for the kitchen door in the rear part of the yard, and the thief made for the front door and escaped, carrying with him many of the garments.

Our Young Folks.

GRANDFATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

BY L. F.

IN a house in their grandfather's garden Bob, and Ted, and little Polly were having tea. His dog Rover was begging up, and sitting still, with a piece of cake on his nose, until grandfather said it was "paid for."

Rover was the most clever dog in the world—at least, so the boys and their sister thought.

"How can you remember how old you are, grandfather?" said little Polly. "You must have had so many birthdays."

Grandfather laughed.

"I don't remember, my dear," he said, "I am sixty something. I have forgotten how old I am long ago."

"But you have not forgotten your birthday!" said Master Bob. "Oh, it would never do if grandfather forgot that, they always had such fun on that day."

"I have had more than fifty happy ones," said their grandfather; "so I am not likely to forget it; and I'll go on having happy birthdays if I live to be a hundred. There is a secret about it."

"Oh, tell me!" said Polly very excitedly.

"I'll you the secret of having happy birthdays when you are old enough to understand," said grandfather; "but for the present, Miss Polly, go on with your strawberries and cream."

He then left them at their tea in the summer house; and just while Ted was frightening Polly by pretending to find caterpillers on the bread and spiders in the butter, their grandfather came back from the house with a large parcel.

They all crowded around him while he opened it. Out came two soldiers' uniforms and swords for Bob and Ted and a small box for Polly—who was grandfather's pet.

The little box was full of silk wool, and in the middle of the pink wool a real silver watch was nestling, ticking away as fast as it could.

"That is to be Polly's own watch," he said. "You must learn to tell time, and wear it this evening, and then ask your mother to put it by for you until you are a big girl."

They shouted with delight for getting such presents; they climbed over the old man's chair, and nearly smothered him with thanks and caresses.

When they were quieter Rover was found standing on Bob's chair, with his fore paws on the table, and his nose in the cream-jug.

And now came the greatest treat of the afternoon. Rover was ordered down, and told to "Beg pardon, sir!" which he did by going to his master and hanging down his head while he gave his paw to beg and shake hands.

"That's right, good dog!" his master said. "We shall say no more about the cream. But now you are going to show these lads how we make you be a soldier."

From under a seat in the summer-house, where nobody had noticed them, he took a cap, a little knapsack, a belt, a toy sword in a scabbard and light toy gun.

Rover stood quite still while he tied on the belt with the little sword hanging to it; then he tied the knapsack on the dog's back; and balanced the little cap with the peak pointing well down over his nose.

"Up, Rover! Stand up!" he said.

Rover stood up erect; and his master made him hold the gun with his paw while the end of it rested on the knapsack as if it were shouldered.

"March!—one, two, three!" said his master.

And Rover marched, while Bob and Ted and Polly laughed and praised him, and called him the best dog in the world.

Everybody thinks that of their dog, you know; and as their grandfather lived all alone with only his dog, he really taught Rover to be a very clever performer.

Bob put on his cocked hat and his gay red coat with fringe on his shoulders, and Ted put on his cap and jacket, which were dark green, with gold fringe too.

They marched round the garden, followed by Rover; and whenever the dog dropped his cap and gun, and ran after them, they gave him a little rest, and then told him to shoulder arms and march again.

Polly watched them and laughed at the soldier dog till she was tired. Then grandfather wanted to know what time it was.

She looked at the watch and said, "I'll tell you in a minute, grandfather; I want to think."

He stood and waited.

"Did you say that meant twelve at the top?" she said.

"Yes, and the long hand shows the minutes."

"Then it is just twelve o'clock, grandpapa."

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" he cried, putting both his hands up to his head, and running about as if something had put him in a great hurry. "The time went very fast since we began tea at five this afternoon. Twelve o'clock, and I have had no dinner, and you ought to have been in bed hours ago, child!"

Polly began to laugh and showed him the watch.

"Is not that twelve—there—right at the top?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear, but the minute hand—the long hand is there; this short hand tells the hour and it is down here at six. That means six o'clock."

Polly looked red and shook her head sadly.

"Then why does that hand say it is twelve if this one says it is six?" she asked. When I go home, grandfather, I'll get mother to open the glass—mother can open her own—and I'll pick off that nasty hand that tells the wrong time.

"You must not without asking mother."

"Oh, no!" said Polly; so he felt sure the watch would not be broken. After ten minutes he wanted to know what was the time now, and after a quarter of an hour again. Polly was very pleased to take the watch out, and she said "6 o'clock!" each time—without looking at it.

The boys were not to be seen in the garden now; they had gone out on the road.

"You must go and call them in," their grandfather said.

At the gate Polly stopped for a moment to see three blind men all holding to each other, and led by a dog.

What a clever dog that must be, to take care of three poor men! Perhaps that was the best dog in the world, and not Rover.

When they were gone by she came out of the gate and walked gently past them, taking great care not to knock against them; and then she set off running down the road, for she saw her brothers playing at soldiers in the distance with Rover.

When she ran up to them they were trying to get Rover to stand up and wear his cap and shoulder his gun, and told them that grandfather wanted them to come back to the garden.

They came at once, and when they were near the gate, they coaxed Rover to hold his gun and walk like a soldier again, so that they might all march back in grand style.

They were marching and singing a tune, in which Ted was the drum, and Bob was all the rest of the band, when they met the three blind men making their way slowly along; and one of the blind men said, "We could play you a better tune than that, master."

But at that moment the boys gave up their battle music, for a new sort of noise and a real battle began.

Rover ceased to be a performing dog, dropped his cap and gun, and ran barking at the dog that was leading the blind men. This was very bad conduct on the part of Rover.

His master appeared at the garden gate, and called him in.

But the poor blind men had been so twisted about while the dogs were barking at each other, that they did not know which way to go.

"Now, Polly," said her grandfather, "this counts four more for my birthday. These men must come in and have something to eat, as my dog has troubled them, and then they shall play us a tune, and I will set them on the right home."

The blind men thanked him, and their dog led them in.

They sat on a seat near the lawn, and got a good tea.

"We would be very thankful, sir," they said, "if you would give Jibio a drink of water. He has led us seven miles to-day, to play at the fair at Greenfields. We couldn't live without Jibio, sir, and he never steals a bit off the table at home, though he knows we can't see—neither to save the meat, nor to catch him if he ran away with it."

Jibio, the blind men's dog, was the hero of the hour.

He got a dish of water and a large bone; and then Bob and Ted asked the men to play a tune while they marched; but they could not find Rover to be the third soldier.

Nor could they find Polly. She had not come, like the boys, to give the poor men their tea; she had not even helped to pet Jibio.

No, Polly was not to be found, though search was made in nearly every direction.

She had hidden behind the summer-house, and there she was sitting on the grass, leaning against the green wooden back wall of the garden-house, and crying bitterly.

Her beautiful new watch was lost.

Rover had joined her there, not because his watch was lost, but because he was jealous of that strange dog, Jibio, who had been let into his master's garden, and who was being patted and admired, and entertained with a bone.

Rover was very unhappy about Jibio, so he went round to the back of the summer-house to be out of the way.

There he found Polly, so he sat beside her, looking very funny with the knapsack on his back, and the toy sword tied to him. Rover leant his chin on Polly's shoulder, and she put her arm round him, and Rover had not the heart to wag his big brush of a tail, and Polly's eyes were swimming with tears; and they both felt much better for having each other to lean up against.

When the blind men had rested they went away, thanking the good master of the house. At the gate one of them said—

"Perhaps, sir, you know something about this watch. We found it on the road close to here; I hit my foot against it. We are going to give it in at the police-station when we get to town."

It was Polly's new watch. How glad her grandfather was to find the blind man so honest, and to get it back again!

He gave the man a reward, and made up his mind that Miss Polly should not have the watch to run about the roads with, but that it should be put by for her until she would be many years older.

The boys ran about shouting her name, but she did not stir, because she dreaded telling that she had lost her watch already. At last they found her sitting in great grief with Rover, behind the summer-house.

They told her how the blind men had found her watch, and she was happy again; and Rover came out proudly because he saw that his troubles were over—Jibio was gone.

"Now, grandfather," said Polly, when they were wishing him good-bye, and telling him how much they had enjoyed having tea in his garden, "tell me—why did you say when the men came that they counted four more, and something about your birthday."

"Ah! Miss Polly," he said, "you are asking me for my secret; well then, I'll it you. We have a lonely life, my dog and I, but we manage to get along by doing what we can give pleasure to; the three blind men and the dog were four more. Good-bye, Polly; here is your watch, and the boys will help you take care of it till you get home. And don't forget grand father's secret."

They called, "Good-bye, grand-father," and Rover barked and bounded.

And when Polly grows old enough to wear the watch let us hope she will try her grandfather's plan for making a birthday happy.

WHEN I AM OLD.

When is one old? The remark is often heard, "He will never grow old, or "She will never grow old," as applied to some one whose heart and feelings are still in sympathy with the young, and also an advocate of progress in various directions.

Yes, there are unquestionably many delightful persons whose hair is white, whose eyes are dim with age, and perhaps whose forms are bent, who yet are excellent company for the young and lively.

And yet these people often suffer pain and are conscious of weakness and infirmities attendant upon increasing age.

In contrast to this, who has not heard it remarked of a person still in middle life—"Oh, he has been as old as Methuselah ever since he was twenty-one."

No sensible person will attempt to conceal the flight of time or pretend a youthfulness of which the passing years has robbed him, but certain it is that the heart and soul can retain much of the brightness and vigor of youth even when the allotted three score years and ten have brought their lights and shadows, their frequent joys and many griefs.

It is often remarked of certain persons that they "take the world hard," while of others it is said "they take things easy." And herein lies much of the secret of retaining a young heart even in a very old body.

To be "as good company as a young girl" when past seventy is a great blessing both to the person possessing the young, old heart, and to those about her.

If the question is asked what makes the difference, why are some always youthful in their feelings while others are correspondingly old even before their time, the answer will almost inevitably be, it is owing to the different temperament or disposition of some from that of others.

But is this true? It cannot be denied that a naturally sweet, placid disposition is a most desirable trait, but to a great degree any disposition can become both placid and sweet.

It takes much of the grace of God to overcome a fretful, faultfinding tendency, but it can be overcome by dint of prayer and effort.

Much of the "nervousness" of which constant complaint is made, and which requires no end of patience and forbearance from those unfortunate enough to have to encounter its subjects, is nothing more or less than unrestrained impatience and culpable petulance. Then again, there are those afflicted with weak and shattered nerves whose real sufferings are never realized by the strong and healthy, and towards whom too much of sympathy and kindness cannot be exercised.

We have a strong suspicion, so strong in fact it amounts to a positive belief, that could many of our old people preach a short, effective sermon to the young, it would amount to an earnest plea to learn great self-control while able to do so; to curb restless passions and restrain impulses before the weakness of age and a multiplicity of cares and sorrows impair the once strong will and render self-restraint a difficult thing to practice.

It is beautiful to grow old and yet retain a sunny, calm and hopeful disposition. Age will betray itself, and who is not willing it should in a pleasant, heartfelt way?

FAITHFUL AFTER DEATH.—The police had a savage fight at Salem, Mass., lately, with a dog that stood guard over his dead master's body, and would not yield until fourteen bullets had been lodged in his body.

Then the faithful animal fell dead beside the remains which he had guarded so well. The man, John Gynn, had committed suicide by hanging. He was a well-to-do bachelor, who lived alone at South Point.

His only companion was a huge Newfoundland dog. When Gynn's body was discovered, the dog was lying beneath, and the shoes showed where the dumb companion had tried to revive his master. While the policemen were cutting the dead man down the dog stood by with his eyes riveted on his master's face, but the moment they tried to remove the body he became ferocious.

He bit both men until they were glad to beat a retreat. Then he caressed the dead man's face, whining piteously the while. The police tried to coax him away, but he showed his teeth every time they approached and his savage growl warned them to keep their distance.

The blockade continued for over an hour. Then one policeman fired two shots at the faithful brute. Then the dog plunged down the stairs to the door and again blocked the way, snapping at all who approached. He became so rabid that it became absolutely necessary to kill him. Fourteen bullets were fired at close range before he fell dead.

Then the dead body of the master was carried over the inanimate form of the pet dog.

READING CHARACTER.—The shape and placing of the teeth are not without significance in the character given by the mouth. When the upper gum shows above the teeth directly the lips are open, it is a sign of a cold phlegmatic nature. Short, small teeth are held by the physiognomists to denote weakness and short life, while rather long teeth, if evenly set in the head, denote rather long life. The more the teeth in point, size, shape and arrangement, approach to those of carnivorous animals, the more violent are the animal instincts in the person, while the more human teeth in shape and position approach to those of the graminivorous the more placid is the character.

White, medium-sized and evenly set teeth, which are seen as soon as the mouth is open, but which are entirely exposed—that is, which do not at any time show the gums—are a sign of good and honest natures. Projecting teeth show rapacity, and small, retreating teeth, which are rarely seen unless in laughter, show weakness and want of physical and moral courage. The lower teeth projecting and closing over the lower range are indicative of a harsh nature.

IN A POST-OFFICE.—The New York Post-office has stood where it does now for 11 years. During all that time it has never been closed. In fact, like Tennyson's brook, the post-office goes on forever doing business. It requires 15 men and 5 women to keep it clean. They are at work continually, and still the force is insufficient. A cart load of dirt is swept up in the corridors each day.

The post-office fathers more than its legitimate share of dirt from the fact that pedestrians take advantage of its cool corridors in the summer to protect them from the heat, and also in the winter to avoid the cold.

All kinds of articles are found on the window-ledges, including umbrellas, pocketbooks, books, shoes, clothing, etc. These articles are all taken to Room No. 1, where they can be secured by a description of the article lost. It is estimated that 15,000 more persons pass under the roof of the New York Post-office every day than under any other roof on the continent.

TWO WILLS.—A curious contrast has lately been presented by two wills. A certain old Mr. Southouse, belonging to a Roman Catholic family, but himself a Protestant, was converted many years ago to Romanism. Dying lately, on his will being opened, it was found that, besides sundry legacies to his sister and other relatives, the bulk of his fortune, amounting nearly to $150,000 was left to Pope Pius IX., or failing him, to his successor, for "his own use and benefit." Pope Leo is to be congratulated on such a pleasant little windfall.

The other will is that of an individual named Hnolarinen, who died lately in Finland. This man left all his worldly possessions to no less a person than the Prince of Darkness, whose devoted servant he seems to have been all his life. He was wonderfully successful in making money, and his success was ascribed by his neighbors to Mephistophelian assistance, so this bequest may be intended as a token of gratitude.

THE SLEEPING ROOM.—The ideal sleeping room should face the east. It should not be less than fifteen feet square, with windows on two sides for light and ventilation. The woodwork should be finished in its natural color; paint not being admitted. The floor of hard polished wood, with small rugs for comfort, that are shakable weekly. Everything that would invite dust must be strictly excluded, therefore the furniture must have no extra carvings. The one hair mattress ought to be of the best quality, made in two parts for convenience in turning and airing, with a woven wire spring beneath.

The bed should set away from the wall for health's sake, as well as convenience. Modern "conveniences" should be let alone as far as stationary wash-basin with hot and cold water is concerned, a little extra work being preferable to run any risk of being slowly and genteely poisoned.

CAUTIONS FOR TALKERS.—Seven is the perfect number, and if the following seven rules were faithfully observed, they would do something toward making a perfect man.

Before thou openest thy mouth think:
1. What thou shalt speak.
2. Why thou shouldst speak it.
3. To whom thou art about to speak.
4. Concerning whom or what thou art about to speak.
5. What will result therefrom.
6. What benefit it can produce.
7. Who may be listening.

APPLICATION is the price to be paid for mental acquisition.

THE RAINBOW.

BY R. W. CARPENTER.

Iris! what art thou? Break Creation's silence,
Send forth a voice, thou "million-colored bow;"
Let fiction be no longer man's reliance:
More of thy nature he desires to know.

Whilst thus I mused, methought the breeze came, bringing
A whisper soft from Iris' golden throne:
Line to the strains of seraph minstrel's singing,
Or heavenly harpings of Æolian tone.

"Dost thou inquire why my illumined crescent
Gleameth so brightly in the heaven's o'erhead?
Mortal, to cheer thine oft-beclouded present,
And paint thy future, is my radiance shed

"Upon thy path. Art thou a stricken spirit,
With many cares and many woes oppressed?
A struggling genius, born but to inherit,
Like all thy fellows, mischance and unrest?

"Art thou a mourner, weeping and heart-broken,
Because thy best-loved treasures are no more!—
To each, to all, I am the faithful token,
There yet is hope and happiness in store.

"I am the mystic over-arching portal,
Resplendent entrance to a better land,
Where peace is perfect, happiness immortal,
And faith to full fruition doth expand."

OF COMMON BELIEFS.

It is generally known that if you do not wish your dreams to come true you must not tell them before breakfast.

Apropos of dreams, a curious story is told. The daughter of a lawyer dreamed the night before the beginning of a famous trial in which her father was to conduct the defense, of a strange large building filled with groups of men standing here and there. There was much talk of a great serpent concealed in that building of which many were frightened.

At last she dreamed she looked over a stairway and saw lying in a coiled heap the monstrous reptile dead. "Who killed the snake?" she asked. A man standing by said, "Green." Green was the name of a lawyer associated with her father in the defence.

The next morning she told her dream, at which her father laughed. She went with him to witness the trial held in the courthouse of the county in which they lived. It was her first experience of this kind, and she had never been inside the courthouse. As she entered the big, gloomy halls, and the old fashioned, winding staircase, she gave a start, and turning to her father, said, "Why, this is the place I dreamed of last night." It only remains to add that her father and Green won the hard fought case and saved a young man from ten years penal servitude.

You must on no account sing before breakfast, or you'll surely weep before supper. "If, however, you are so careless as to forget yourself, even to the extent of humming a bar or two, you must quickly say, 'Bread and butter.'" This will exorcise any baneful influence and drive away any evil spirits that may be lurking about.

Should you trip over a loose plank or stone in walking along the street, by all means return, and coolly and deliberately step over the stumbling block, or you will have bad luck through the day.

In dressing yourself in the morning, should you by any chance put a garment on wrong side out, on no account turn it—that proceeding will bring "confusion worse than death" upon you.

The open umbrella indoors is a well-known harbinger of misfortune. Breaking a looking glass is considered by many people as a fearful calamity. "No luck for seven years," say the superstitious.

Warnings and omens are very curious and inexplicable. It is said once a plain, practical, matter of fact woman, with not the slightest leaning toward occultism in any form, was making preserves in her kitchen one day. Suddenly she heard distinctly the voice of her sailor son calling her, "Mother, mother, mother!"

So near it seemed that her first thought was that her son had unexpectedly returned, and leaving her work she ran into the sitting room, crying out that Harry had come, and could not believe but that he was hidden somewhere, waiting to spring out at her.

It was afterwards found that at this time her son was lying dangerously ill with typhus fever in Japan. He lived to come home and hear this strange story and to wonder if in his delirium he had called upon his mother, and over thousands of miles of sea and, through some mysterious and occult channels his cry had come to his mother's ears.

We hear of another occurrence as incomprehensible as the last. A young man went several miles from his home to have a dangerous surgical case treated. His mother accompained him, but his father remained at home.

In the parlor of the farm house there stood on a table an old worn out musical box, broken and run down. For years it had not played a tune, and was regarded as utterly worthless. One morning what was the father's astonishment to hear the musical box suddenly begin playing No hand had touched it, and the dust lay thick upon it. The next day news was brought the father of his son's death. He died at the hour the musical box began playing!

An odd superstition was brought out during the performance of the marriage ceremony in a Justice's office in Omaha. The magistrate had commanded the contracting parties to stand before him, and was about to begin the ceremony, when a woman rushed in and ordered the judge to stop a moment. The woman, who proved to be the bride's mother, looked at the carpet on the floor, and said:

"Judge, I'm a little superstitous. Which way do the cracks run in this floor?"

"Tell you in a minute," said the judge; and he ripped up about two feet of the carpet beneath his feet, and found that the seams of the floor ran crosswise to the feet of the young couple he was about to unite.

The position of the bride and bridegroom was changed. The old lady gave a relief and the ceremony proceeded.

Sailors are proverbially superstitious. Every one has heard of the superstitions concerning sharks following a ship—that is that there will soon be a death on board; but an old sailor assures us that this is more of a superstition on land than with those who follow the sea.

Not so, however, with the killing of the stormy petrel (Mother Carey's chickens), the Cape hen, pigeon, and albatross. Old sailors believe that the albatross contains the spirits of departed sea captains, and the petrel the souls of the old salts; therefore, these birds are held sacred by sailors all the world over.

Sailors are also very superstitious about going to sea on a Friday A yarn is told of one salt who feared nothing, and said he would show the world, how foolish this idea was. He made a contract for the building of a ship on Friday, the keel was laid on a Friday, it was launched on a Friday; and named Friday, put to sea on a Friday, and it was never heard of again.

Grains of Gold.

As the flower is before the fruit, so is faith before good works.

Idleness is the hot bed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waste of time, the canker-worm of felicity.

Repentance clothes in grass and flowers the grave in which the past is laid.

Habit if not resisted soon becomes a necessity.

What ever we beg of God, let us also work for it.

If we do not wrong others, God will right us.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder, and that craves wary walking.

People in this world almost always have ideals and they are generally ascenuous about having other people live up to them.

What I want is not to possess religion but to have a religion that shall possess me.

Those who would have a happy death should lead a holy life.

Purity of heart is that quick and sensitive delicacy to which even the very thought of sin is offensive.

Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeble.

There is no fit search after truth which does not, first of all, begin to live the truth which it knows.

To rule oneself is in reality the greatest triumph.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

One of the mistakes in the conduct of human life is to suppose that other men's opinions will make us happy.

You cannot make a general rule apply for everything.

If we are in doubt what to do, it is a good rule to ask ourselves what we shall wish on the morrow that we had done.

Femininities.

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one ounce.

One quart of sifted flour, well heaped, is one pound.

It is one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall.

Brass tripods, with teapot and lamp, are shown for the coming season's 5 o'clock teas.

The fashion of large lockets depending from ribbons about the neck has come back once again.

Grated chicken for sandwich purposes is now put up in glass jars and sold to people who fear they may be in a hurry.

A young mother looked through 26 different novels to find a name for her girl baby, and finally settled on Marier.

The champion jumper of Scotia, Neb., is a woman. In a recent contest she jumped 9 feet 2 inches without weights.

Promenade staves, staffs, canes, sticks, or whatever they may be called, for courageous women, are now for sale in town.

At Roseburg, Oregon, is a "Ladies' Hammer Brigade," which makes a point of keeping down the nails in the wooden sidewalks.

Jewelers here are pleased at the adoption of a foreign custom of the interchange of rings by engaged pairs, as it helps their business.

At a Buffalo "half off" sale it was proved that cashmere worth 40 cents per yard was sold for 98 cents by placing it on the "bargain" counter.

Hair ropes used in building! A ton of ropes made from the hair of the women of Japan has been used in building the Buddhist temple at Kioto.

Young lady, examining bome bridal veils: "Can you really recommend this one?" Overzealous shopman: "Oh, yes, miss! It may be used several times."

Mrs. Langtry told an Omaha reporter that she loved nothing better than to attend to her household duties, and that she delights in mending her own clothes.

The woman who screams when it thunders, and is afraid of a mouse, will unflinchingly tackle a crying baby while its father is hastening to get under cover.

"Heroine" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The first two letters in it are male, the first three female, the first four a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.

It is leap year, and it has just been 1 000 years since there were as many d's in the year as we have just now. It is a good time for old bachelors to cogit-d, the girls to reciproc-s, and not hesit-d.

Fair critic: "I think that little spot ther—" (pointing). Artist, alarmed: "Pardon me, but you must not touch the picture!" Fair critic: "Oh, it doesn't matter; I have got my gloves on!"

An elderly New York woman, who for six months spent her time while riding to work in knitting a costly shawl, forgot the garment, which was almost completed, in the cars the other morning.

The sight of a negro butler carrying a coin on a silver salver to an organ grinder in the front yard of a residence, recently, showed that America is not to be outdone in a matter of formality.

The cotton seed becomes cotton the cotton becomes thread, the thread becomes fabric, the fabric becomes a print, the print becomes a wrapper, and the wrapper becomes a beautiful woman. Such is evolution.

The Empress of Japan has established a college for women, which is to be ruled by a committee of foreign ladies. Two of these are Americans, two English, and the other two French and German respectively.

The King of Uganda, Africa, has 1500 wives. In order that he may keep his harem filled with novelties he now has five queens executed every morning. In this way he keeps himself in good humor and begins each day in a pleasant frame of mind.

Mrs. Denelsbeck, of Bay Head, N. J., discovering a burglar on her front verandah at 1 A. M. the other morning, procured a revolver from the bureau and put the intruder to flight. Her courage then forsook her, and with her child and a lady friend she escaped by a back door to a neighbor's house.

Women should talk less and say more. Lady Hester Stanhope would talk for 8, 10 or 12 hours at a stretch—this was before the 10-hour movement was inaugurated—and once a visitor began to listen at 3 P. M. and could not get away till daybreak, while another fainted from fatigue. Moral—Lady Hester never married.

The death of the Comtesse Batthyani, who died, aged 75, on October 3, recalls a most ingenious method which she adopted in 1849 to prevent her husband from being hanged. He was the Hungarian premier, and had been sentenced to death. She smuggled a dagger into his cell, with which he wounded his throat, and had to be shot instead of hanged.

The people of Evanston, Ill., have hit upon a device for rendering church sociables more pleasant. Each person is given a card on which a dozen names are written, and is required to talk 5 minutes with every one whose name is on the card. At the expiration of 5 minutes a bell is struck and a new partner is sought. By this plan wall flowers are eliminated, everybody receives attention and cliques are broken up.

The head of a large dry goods establishment has forbidden his saleswomen to wear bustles. On being interviewed on the subject he explained his action as follows: "Every woman wearing a bustle adjusts it at least five times a day. It takes her a minute each time, and she thus loses five minutes a day. One hundred and twenty-five women will consequently lose 625 minutes, which is over 10 hours. These 10 hours I have to pay for, and we are consequently out of pocket to that amount.

Masculinities.

The German Emperor affects to despise music.

It is easy for the mean man to overreach himself.

A man is highly esteemed for what we don't know about him.

Mr. Forget is the New York agent for a foreign steamship company.

If He prayed who was without sin, how much more it becometh a sinner to pray!

An exchange asks: "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls, of course.

Silk handkerchiefs of any color for men are now declared to be "inelegant," and the finest white linens are the rage.

No careful young man now calls his best girl his sugar lump. The sugar of the present day is a very doubtful article.

Some of the richest men in England owe all their wealth to beer, and some of the poorest men there owe all their poverty to beer.

In London, where the never genteel fashion originated, "gridiron" shirts are obsolete among gentlemen of correct taste in dress.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one. The latter attacks only his enemies—the other injures friends and foes alike.

Joel Smith, of Leominster, Mass., at the conclusion of a speech in that town, a few days ago, remarked: "I must go, now!" and then fell dead upon the floor.

Heliberta, in the carriage: "Oh, Tom! let us jump—quick!" Tom, leisurely: "'Twould only be the trouble for nothing. We shall be thrown out in a minute."

"The trouble with pa," said Mrs. Bentley, "is that he lets little things worry him. He was mad this morning because the baby kept him awake all night."

A man will dislocate his arm trying to hit a base ball, and spend an entire day in a debilitating effort to make a home run; but he won't beat a carpet. Not much.

An old lady was asked her opinion about Mrs. Smith, her next-door neighbor. "Well," she said, "I am not the one to speak ill of anybody, but I feel very sorry for Mr. Smith."

An expert has succeeded in photographing the beating of the heart. Neat present for an absent admirer to send his betrothed—a picture of his palpitation on reading her letter.

The reason why a pretty girl thinks it an easy thing to manage a husband is because she has always made all the experiments that she has ever tried with some other woman's husband.

A young college debater will argue for hours that the pursuit of happiness is better than the realization, and then feel disappointed because his girl refuses for the fourth time to marry him.

For the benefit of those who are getting tired of "Fraly rural" as a cure for stammering, the following is respectfully submitted: Pronounce "She sells sea-shells; shall she sell sea-shells?"

A Maine man let his wife carry water from a spring for 18 years, but when he wanted a little for his daily business he straightway laid a pipe and put in a pump "to save so much extra labor."

An ingenious tailor has invented dress suits made in one piece. The waistcoat has no back, the shirt consists of front, the cuffs are stitched into the coat-sleeves, and a single set of buttons fixes on the whole contrivance.

At table with company one day a farmer said: "Well, I have been married 20 years, and only once have my wife and I been of one mind in all these years, and that was when the house was on fire and each wanted to be the first to escape."

"The first step towards wealth," says an editor, "is the choice of a good wife." "And the first step towards securing a good wife is the possession of great wealth," says another. Here we have one of those good rules which work prettily both ways.

"Uncle John," said little Emily, "do you know that a baby that was fed on elephant's milk gained 20 pounds in one week?" "Nonsense! impossible!" exclaimed Uncle John; and then asked, "Whose baby was it?" "It was the elephant's baby," replied little Emily.

A certain way to tell good paper money from bad is by means of two small blue silk threads which run through the good bill lengthwise, and which may be plainly seen by holding the note to the light. These are woven into the note by a secret process and have never yet been successfully counterfeited, the usual imitation being by a mark drawn across the paper.

During the supper following a Japanese wedding, in New York, a servant in gorgeous livery appeared, carrying a bottle. It had two spouts, and the bride and groom knelt and drank simultaneously, each from a spout. The bride then lifted her veil. Her father thereupon came forward and presented the groom with a gift, and the groom's father did likewise with the bride.

It is said that young men of the present day are not gallant to ladies. Here is an item on this subject. A young man and a young lady were recently in a boat on the river, when the lady let a pretty knife fall into the water; she was much vexed at this, but the hero, before the lady could say don't, took a "header," and in a few seconds had the satisfaction of reappearing at the surface with the missing article.

For a good, every-day household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battle-field nor life one unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things that no woman should be without.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Woman's World for November is one of the best numbers yet issued, showing that the magazine is under intelligent management of a progressive character. A paper that will attract a great degree of interest is contributed by Hulda Friederichs, and its subject is "A Woman's Friendship," her text being Marie Stuart and Mary Seton, with a fine picture of "The Queen's Maries." After many more attractive articles this excellent number closes with the capital fashion papers enriched by illustrations. Cassell & Co., New York.

Lippincott's Magazine for November opens with the long-expected novel by Miss Grace King, "Earthlings." It amply fulfils the promise of "Monsieur Motte." John Habberton develops still further the character of the delightful little child who is the real heroine of his "At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher." J. B. Biondin gives a very interesting sketch of his "Experiences as a Rope-Walker." An article of particular interest is Mr. Edgar Saltus' "Morality in Fiction." Another article that will be eagerly perused is the "Extracts from the Diary of John R. Thompson," compiled by Elizabeth Stoddard. Thompson, a well-known Southern litterateur, was sent to London to edit the *Index* on behalf of the Confederacy, and he was thrown with men like Tennyson, Carlyle, Gladstone, Dickens, Thackeray, and many others. Lincoln L. Eyre's article on "Corporate Suretyship" is interesting and valuable. There are poems by Frank Dempster Sherman, Charles Washington Coleman, Jr., and Wilson K. Welsh. The departments are as interesting as ever.

The November *Magazine of American History* is of special interest and excellence. "The City of a Prince" is concluded. The portrait of General Houston forms the frontispiece of the number. "Boston in 1741 and Governor Shirley" is illustrated with a map and portrait. The third article is a clear and comprehensive account of "The Treaty of Ghent." A spirited and timely paper follows, entitled "A New France in New England." The unpublished diary of Colonel Stone "A Trip from New York to Niagara in 1829" is continued, and it increases in animated interest as he describes the western towns. Then come "Unconscious Heresies," by the Hon. Wm. L. Scruggs; "The Autobiography of General Joseph R. Varnum," recently discovered; and "The Poet's Awakening." Among the shorter papers is a contribution on the "Revolutionary Troops;" "Dr. Franklin's Morals of Chess;" and "President Lincoln's Log Cabin." The Original Documents contain a quaint and curious dressmaker's bill of the last century; there are some ably written Book Notices, and the diversified departments are all filled with pleasant reading. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

The November issue of the *Eclectric Magazine* contains an excellent selection of articles. Theodore Roosevelt's article, entitled "Some Recent Criticisms of America," is animated by patriotic zeal as well as justice. Lord Wolseley dilates on "Military Genius." "The Glorified Spinster" is a charming study of old maids. F. T. Palgrave contributes an interesting paper on "Chaucer and the Italian Renaissance." "The Mexican Messiah," by Dominick Daly, is a quaint historical essay. John Rae continues his studies of "State Socialism," and Prof. Seeley discourses on "Literary Immorality." "The brief paper on "Horticulture" speculates as to the measures practicable for producing an improved breed of the human race. Prof. Dowden contributes one of his brilliant papers on the wisdom of life and living as shown in Shakspeare's dramas. The subjects of spiritualism and hypnotism are acutely analyzed in "The Gates of Hades." There is a capital short story, "My Treasure," and a continuation of "Orthodox," by Madam Gerald, besides other interesting features. There are also several good poems. E. R. Pelton, publisher, New York.

The Forum for November contains a broad review of Old-World politics, European and Asiatic, by Prof. Arminius Vambery, the famous Hungarian author, who writes on "Is the Power of England Declining?" Another foreign political study in this number is "Canada and the United States." Following the discussion in the October *Forum* by Prof. Taussig, of Harvard, of "How the Tariff Affects Wages," in the November number, Representative W. C. P. Breckinridge shows "How the Tariff Affects Industry." Mr. Edward Atkinson's article this month is on "The Struggle for Subsistence." Charles Dudley Warner points out the criminal methods that are prevalent of dealing with criminals. Besides Mr. Atkinson's and Mr. Warner's articles, social subjects are treated in "After Us—What?" by the Rev. Dr. Kendrick, and in "The Last Resort of the Landless," by Mr. H. J. Desmond, who sees danger to our institutions in the lessening of the number of landholders. Andrew Lang, the British critic, writes severely of the method of studying poetry followed by the Browning "societies." A novel and interesting scientific view of the relations of the sexes is presented by Prof. Lester F. Ward. The Forum Publishing Co., 253 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

I LIKE my wife to use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

SLEEP AND SLEEPINESS.

Chief among the conditions which accompany natural sleep is the comparative freedom of the brain from blood. The difference is indeed sufficient to cause a sensible falling off in the temperature of the head of a sleeping person.

The second condition which tends to produce natural sleep, may be called periodicity. Man is essentially a creature of habit, and the event of bedtime is even in the case of people who suffer from wakefulness the most favorable opportunity for seeking rest.

If, then the time be propitious, the position appropiate, and the degree of fatigue sufficient, the ordinary person goes to sleep.

But one or more of the conditions may be lacking, or there may be mental conditions to forbid sleep, even when time, position and fatigue are all favorable.

The commonest of these adverse conditions is more or less intense mental preoccupation. This tends to drive the blood to the head, and the evil may be remedied either by intellectual exertion in a less absorbing direction or by mechanical means.

One famous writer recommended his sleepless patients to lie where they could not avoid listening to regular falling drops of water into a resonant vessel.

Another suggested the picturing in the mind of an endless garland of flowers which stretched away into measureless spaces.

Other people advise the sufferer to count to himself, or to conjure up visions from the pattern of the paper on the wall or from the shadows in the room.

Among the mechanical means of withdrawing the excess of blood from the brain, the use of hot baths may be recommended; but the prescription of a German physician is about the best. He makes his patient stand with one arm outstretched until the limb aches violently. This conducts an excess of blood to the arm and seldom fails to relieve the brain.

The worst thing that a sleepless man can do is to make use of chloral or morphia. The more he takes it the more he needs it; and scores of instances are on record of men who, having taken one or the other for a few nights in succession, have never again been able to sleep without taking the drug.

Sleep is so good a thing for the body that it may always be enjoyed to advantage whenever it can be obtained; but the amount of sleep that is absolutely necessary for the recuperation of the faculties varies greatly with different people. Eight hours' sleep, eight hours' work, and eight hours recreation, is perhaps the best division of the day and night for most persons; but stout people generally require more sleep than lean ones, and older people less than younger ones.

Alexander von Humboldt slept for only four hours out of the twenty-four; so did Frederick the Great. Napoleon on the other hand, slept much, and would, at least one time of his life fall asleep whenever he had an opportunity. It is recorded of him that when he was before Toulon he could fall asleep during the heaviest firing, but that he was usually awake as soon as the firing ceased.

A similar phenomenon occasionally occurs with most of us. The stopping of the clock or the cessation of the jolting and whirring of an express train will wake many a man who sleeps soundly enough while the noise continues. The miller is roused when his mill-wheel comes to a stand still; and the sleeping coachman wakes with a start of alarm when his weary horse pulls slowly up and begins to nibble the grass at the side of the road.

THE CHINESE SOUL.—A strange instance of Chinese belief with regard to their souls is one of their customs when a patient's last moments appear to be at hand. Two persons engage in this wierd dramatic performance, one representing a departing soul, the other acting as the friends and relatives deprecating the departure.

The first actor utters a low, prolonged cry, which is answered by a loud and earnest "Come, come." After a pause the cry is repeated for about ten minutes; suddenly the inarticulate cry ceases. The second actor, in agony of distress at the departure into the unseen of the soul he has been entreating to stay, shouts loudly "Return, return—come?" at the same time calling by name.

Then after another pause the low cry is heard at a distance, and the cry and answer follow one another more rapidly till, in a smothered chorus as of welcome the performance ceases.

This peculiar custom, it appears, varies in different parts of China. Up the Yangtze it is usual for two women to perform the office. When a man dies suddenly the women walk through the streets, one calling out the name of the deceased, and the other responding, "I am coming," the idea being to prevail on the wandering spirit of the deceased to return to its material abode, which, it is presumed, it has temporarily abandoned.

BROWN: "I want to tell you about my little boy. He——" JONES: "Excuse me, my dear fellow, but I've got to catch that 4.10 train and——" BROWN: "He is the most ordinary child in existence. Never said a bright thing in his life and is remarkably backward for his age." They drink together.

SALVATION OIL is guaranteed to effect a cure in all rheumatic and neuralgic affections.

CHINESE eat rice off sharp-pointed sticks, but take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup naturally.

CROSSING THE LEGS.—Men generally cross their legs when there is least pressure on their minds. You will never find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will never cross his legs, neither will a man who is writing an article, or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actually engaged. When at work in a sitting posture the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line.

A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained his limbs uncross quick as a flash, he bends forward towards his neighbor and begins to use his hands. That is a phase that I believe you will always observe.

Men often cross their legs at public meetings, because they go there to listen, or to be entertained; they are not the factors in the performance, and they naturally place themselves in the most comfortable position known to them—namely, leaning well back in their chairs and crossing their legs. A man always crosses his legs when he reads a newspaper, but is more apt to lie down when he reads a book.

He reads the paper, of course, to inform himself, but at the same time the perusal of its contents is recreation to him, and his body again seeks its position of relaxation. When a man is reading a newspaper and waiting for his breakfast, his legs are always crossed, but as soon as the breakfast is brought to him he puts the paper aside, straightens out his legs and goes to work—that is, begins to eat, his mind now turning on the duties of the day before him.

"MERIAH" SACRIFICE.—The sacrifice known as the Meriah yet disfigures the police annals of India to the south-east of the Nagpore Provinces. For this rite victims are purchased when children, and fed up for the sacrifice.

A few days before the immolation, the village in which a Meriah resides is given up to every sort of sensuality and open licentiousness. The Meriah is free to command anything in any man's house, and what might at other times be held to be dishonorable is granted as a favor. At the termination of this brutal season, the ceremony of the human sacrifice commences. The victim is led round the village, each person drawing a hair from his head, or anointing their heads with his spittle, and he is then stupefied with drugs, and taken to the place of sacrifice.

Here his head is introduced between the rift of a bamboo; the priest advances, and with an axe breaks his joints; the mob then fall on him and strip the flesh off his bones; and each possessor of a piece hurries with it to his field, where he buries it, in the hope that the season will be a propitious one. This was the rite as it used to be practiced.

AND, NOW THE NOSE.—The nose is the latest infallible index to human character. A well-developed nose, it is claimed, denotes strength and courage; a little turn-up nose indicates cunning and artfulness; a delicate straight nose, taste and refinement; a curved nose, judgment and egotism; and a thick, mis-shapen nose, dulness and want of tact.

Finally, the nose, which belongs both to the mobile and immobile parts of our visage, reflects faithfully the fugitive movements of our inclinations. If all this be true, it is evident that people who desire to disguise their character or dissemble their passions must in future beware of their noses, or, rather, they must wear false ones.

THE WAY HORSES SLEEP.—It is a fact not generally known that at least four out of every ten horses do not lie down to sleep. The horse that sleeps in a standing position rests one leg at a time, depending on the other three to sustain the weight of his body. The habit is a very dangerous one. Only a short time since a fine horse in the stables of a big manufacturing concern went to sleep while standing in his stall, and fell heavily to the floor, breaking one of his legs. A great many horses are permanently injured as a result of accidents of this nature, and there is no way of curing them of the disease.

"SOME one took an umbrella from the hallway of a Lewiston man's house," says a Maine paper, "and about the same time the dog was missed. A search was made, and the dog was at last found in a Lisbon street store, and standing near him was the missing umbrella. A stranger had come in the store followed by the dog. When he went out he left the umbrella, which the dog carefully guarded until its owner appeared.

A SPECIAL from Omaha says: William Shanahan and Dennis Donovan, of Garrowen, were born and raised in the same town. Both were 27 years of age. Both were married the same day. Both their wives died the same day. They both died on Monday and were buried on Sunday. An old gypsy fortune teller long ago predicted that their fortunes would be identical.

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Any one can play the Piano or Organ at sight. HARBACH & CO., 809 Filbert St., Philada.

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs
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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

In cases of LUMBAGO and RHEUMATISM, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF NEVER FAILS to give immediate ease.

The following was received by mail through W. H. Blyth, Druggist, Mt. Pleasant, Texas.

MR. W. H. BLYTH—Sir: "In compliance with your request to furnish you with the results of my knowledge and experience with Dr. Radway's R. R., in reply I can state that I have been using Radway's Remedies since 1852. I know the Ready Relief to be more reliable for Colds, Pleurisy, Pneumonia and diseases growing out of colds; for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism and Aches, and pains generally, than any remedy I have ever known tried. From my personal knowledge of the Radway Remedies, I think them all superior to any remedies of which I have any knowledge, for all the ills for which they are recommended.

Respectfully,
T. H. SKIDMORE,
Pastor Green Hill Presbyterian Church.

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THE SAFEST AND MOST CERTAIN

PAIN REMEDY

In the world, that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It never fails in giving ease to the sufferer of pain from whatever cause arising; it is truly the great

CONQUEROR OF PAIN!

And has done more good than any known remedy.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, sprains, bruises, bites of insects, stiff neck, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Croup, Catarrh, Influenza, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cold Chills, Ague Chills, Chilblains, Frost-bites.

The application of the Ready Relief to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

DR. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. DR. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, loss of appetite, headache, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION

Will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing

SICK HEADACHE

Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flashes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

DYSPEPSIA.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its function. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

"Your Pills have done me more good (for Dyspepsia) than all the doctor's medicine that I have taken." ROBERT A. PAGE.
NEWPORT, KY.

"For many years had been afflicted with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, but got your Pills and they made a perfect cure.
WILLIAM NOONAN.
BLANCHARD, MICH.

"For over three years I have been troubled with Dyspepsia, and found no relief until I used your Pills. They have cured me."
THOMAS McCULLA.
OMAHA, NEB.

"Used to suffer greatly from biliousness and Sick Headache, until I tried your Pills. They are the best I ever tried."
LOUIS COSTA.
CAMDEN, N. J.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY'S CO., No. 32 Warren street, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

A CONTRAST.

I recollect how grieved I was
When Cousin Amy married.
I thought her very cruel 'cause
For me she had not tarried.
She gave to my affection green
Encouragement in plenty.
Then I was under seventeen,
And she was three-and-twenty.

Fair Amy is a widow now,
Her sorrow fast outgrowing;
'Tis very singular, I own,
How fast the years are going—
With me at an allegro rate,
With her a graceful lente;
Now I am nearing twenty-eight,
While she is five-and-twenty.

—U. N. Nons.

A matter of corse—Dissection.

A capital skylight—The moon.

A cultivated ear—An ear of corn.

The way of the whirled—The waltz.

A stump speaker—"Mister, give me the butt."

A room very rarely rented—Room for improvement.

A grate nuisance—Bad coal. A greater—The price of it.

How many passengers will a train of circumstances carry?

Man is 80 per cent. water. That is why a boil makes him hot.

A golden wedding—One where you expect to marry half a million.

Before slates were in use people multiplied on the face of the earth.

Who is the only man who ever went to sea for fear of being drowned?—Noah.

Why is "naming the day" for a wedding like a naval battle? Because it is a marry-time engagement.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill?—One's hard to get up, and the other's hard to get down.

Why is X the most unfortunate of letters?—Because it is always in a fix, and never out of perplexity.

Some authors tell us that "much is said about the tongue." True, the thing is in everybody's mouth.

"Just think," remarks a Rochester paper, "what a monotonous wordful of human beings we should be if we were all handsome!"

What is the difference between two sleepy young ladies and one wideawake one, seated near one another in church?—The two close their eyes and the one eyes their clothes.

"Do you remember how, ten years ago, you swore you would kill Overmunk?" "Yes." "He still lives." "I know it, and I am avenged. He is married to my divorced wife."

"Ma," inquired Bobby, "hasn't pa a queer idea of heaven?" "Well, I think not, Bobby. Why?" "I heard him say that the week you spent at the sea-shore seemed like heaven to him."

"Way, you knock the breath out of me!" said the puffing forge bellows to a sturdy blacksmith. "Well, what of it? You're the worst blower I ever tackled!" replied the perspiring farrier.

After a fashionable wedding, the other day, the carriage of the happy pair, which was on its way to the railway station, was delayed by the narrow street being blocked up by two loads of cradles and baby-wagons, to the great amusement of the spectators.

There is a dog at Seymour, Ind., who will look at a clock and then put his paw on the exact hour as marked on a card, but that's all he's good for. One dog who would bite a tramp in 27 places would be worth 10 canines who could tell the time of day.

"When she returned she found the money gone," is a sentence that is stirring up good and bad grammarians. "If it was gone how did she find it?" is the query asked by one side; and "if she hadn't found it gone why wasn't it there?" inquires the other.

Doubtful Compliment. Guest: "I wish I had come here a week ago." Proprietor: "Ah, that's very flattering to my hotel." Guest: "I don't know about that. What I mean is that I would have preferred to have eaten this fish then instead of now."

End man: "William, can you tell me why a man sitting on a red-hot stove is like a man who has gone to heaven?" Middle man: "I don't know, Mr. Bones. Why is a man sitting on a red-hot stove like one who has gone to heaven?" End man: "He's better off."

Grocer: "So you've given up drinking, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah; I haint teched or drap in fo' weeks." Grocer: "You deserve a great deal of credit." Uncle Rastus: "Yes, sah. That's jes what I sez, an' I was gwine ter ask yo', 'Mistah Smif, if yo' could trus' me to er ham?'"

Wife, who has been sitting up for delinquent husband: "Are you crazy? How you been going about the streets with your umbrella up this starlight night?" Weary husband: "That's just it, dear. It's the stars—perfect avalanche of 'em—couldn't dodge 'em, so—put—up umbrella. Thought people would think I was intoxicated if I didn't."

Mrs. Godolphin: "Now, what would be your terms, Mr. Jones, for giving me a course of, say a dozen lessons in painting?" Jones: "Well, frankly, Mrs. Godolphin, I'm afraid it's too late in life for you to begin a career of art—that is, if you wish to take it up seriously." Mrs. G.: "Oh, but I don't. I only want to learn enough to be able to teach."

FRIGID PEOPLE.

We constantly meet with people in society who are constitutionally so far below the normal temperature that they invariably cool the social atmosphere all around them. Like the icebergs which invade the Atlantic at certain seasons of the year, you know of their presence even when you do not see them, by the deadly chills which invariably warn of their close vicinity.

Drifting about in the world, as they do, with no conceivable aim, and apparently destined solely to put a stopper upon mirth, they are always dreaded by the warm-hearted and convivial.

Nature doubtless intended them to serve some useful purpose in the social economy. They are the only moral refrigerators who effectually supply the place at the festive board of the dread skeleton of the Egyptian banquets.

Breaking away from their regions of eternal snow, and dropping, as they invariably do, into the track of the light and joyous craft of the social world, or wherever the warm currents of fun and innocent laughter are to be quelled, their advent is usually regarded with absolute terror by those who see life from the comic point of view.

Fun never flourishes in their vicinity, and it is quite unknown in the congenial latitudes in which they pass their lives. A laugh is their aversion, and, like the sound of the human voice in the glacial regions of the Alps, it is often sufficient to bring down upon the unfortunate who indulges in it masses of ice and snow from the indignant berg.

Nothing prostrates a professed jester so effectually as this proximity in the Atlantic of life of the drifting iceberg. He calculates upon a congenial atmosphere in which to air his wit—an Italian sky, and the soft balmy temperature of open good-nature.

A frozen jest is the most wretched of all condiments. No one scents its frost-bound aroma, and that which, in the warm climate of ordinary society, seemed so charming, now looks like a repulsive fossil.

Unhappily, the tone of a frigid person is always mistaken for good breeding. People who are gay and pleasant enough ordinarily, freeze into statues the moment the iceberg heaves in sight, and are only too ready to second its efforts to frown down anything like gayety.

LAST WORDS OF ST. BERNARD.—When he was drawing near his end St. Bernard thus solemnly addressed himself to his brethren, as a dying man bequeathing legacies to his friends. "Three things I require of you to keep and observe, which I remember to have kept, to the best of my power, as long as I have lived.

"1. I have not wished to slander any person; and if any have fallen, I have hid it as much as possible.

"2. I have ever trusted less to my own wit and understanding than to any other's.

"3. If I were at any time hurt, harmed, or annoyed, I never wished vengeance against the party who so wronged me."

"How to Propose" is the title of a volume to be issued in the late autumn. It is to contain selections from English and American novels which give notable examples of neat and adroit proposals.

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A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 39 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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PHILADELPHIA, October 29, 1888.

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IF YOU DON'T KEEP WATCH YOU'LL BE SURPRISED how much unexpected ease and comfort for the kitchen and all over the house may be had for a trifle. The costs of most helpful things are often trifling. These at random:

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Mrs. De Saussure will be at her residence, as above, after September 1st, where she will be pleased to meet the parents of pupils who wish to apply for membership of her family.

Meanwhile she may be addressed care of Packer Collegiate Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Mrs. De Saussure cites, by permission, the following

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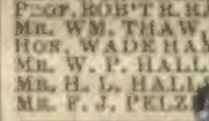

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Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The season's bonnets are exceedingly pretty, very small, and not immoderately high.

A stylish model is in navy-blue straw, with a drapery of velvet to match bordering the brim, and tied in a knot in front. Small white chrysanthemums are placed in a bunch under the brim, and as a half-wreath round the crown. The strings are of blue velvet.

In many models the brims is covered with a wreath of foliage, with a bunch of flowers in the centre; and another very fashionable arrangement is to put a wreath of autumnal flowers without foliage, or foliage without flowers, round the crown, with an Alsatian bow of velvet on the brim, the ends of the bow being carried down to the ears to form the strings.

Coquilles of pleated tulle, with strings to match, sometimes take the place of velvet bow and strings, more especially if the crown is covered with shaded ivy or other leaves. Very tiny flowers or petals of flowers in wreaths and boquets are occasionally addedas ornaments.

The two most fashionable materials for present wear will be French serge, a fine soft diagonal wool, which looks well in plain costumes, but is also eminently drapable, and shot silk, both plain and striped, but chiefly of the latter description.

Shot voiles are also still used to some extent, especially for traveling outfits as they are light, but durable and uncrushable, a great recommendation for dresses that have to be constantly packed.

Combinations of the fine serge in plain colors, with shot silk, form most charming toilettes when the colors are well selected, and there is little danger of going wrong in this direction, for nearly all the shot silks are in well-blended colorings, and the woolen material is chosen to match the darkest or least obtrusive coloring in the silk.

A very pretty dress, and one that would be neither expensive or difficult to copy, has a skirt of shot beige and red silk with brown, this is made quite plain. The tunic is of fine beige serge, open on the right, and falling in plain folds on the left and at the back.

It is mounted with rather close pleats, and caught up on the right, forming folds across the front, and between the front and back parts of the tunic is a coquille drapery of the serge, lined with red silk, and trimmed with rows of brown and gold braid.

The bodice is braided in straight lines across the front in the form of a pointed plastron, the rows reaching right across the bodice on the shoulders, and gradually diminishing to a point at the waist.

The collar, cuffs and waistband are also to be braided in the same way, and the hat to be worn with the dress is of brown straw, trimmed with beige ribbon and poppies.

Redingotes are also made of this light soft serge, not always with the plain flat panel sides that look so well in rich silk or heavy cloth, but with a certain amount of fulness of the skirt.

This is of dark heliotrope serge, closed at the throat over a draped waistcoat of water-green crepe de Chine; it is cut in princess shape, but with disguised pleats at all the seams below the waist, allowing the skirt to flow in easy natural folds on each side of the tablier, which is of figured bengaline on a green ground. The pointed collar, the upright collar, the paraments, and the crossed folded sash at the waist are all of moss-green velvet.

In another dress the shot silk is pleated in wide box-pleats, but the tops of the side pleats are gathered across in several rows on the hips, which raises the edge a little, and gives the lower part of the skirt an effect of regular flutings, which is very pretty, as the silk is seen in different lights. The redingote is cut short at the sides to show the gathered pleats, with long coat-tails at the back.

Very stylish Directoire costumes are also made with the redingote of gray mohair or taffe, and the plain skirt to match.

The revers and other ornaments are of the moire, and between the open revers is a fichu of fine lawn, edged with pleatings of the same, the pleatings being continued down the front in the form of a coquille jabot.

Very light and pretty vetements are made for outdoor wear, pending the necessity for more serious mantels. The newest of these take the form of shot silk, covered with a network of fine silk cord, finished off with abasque to match passementerie border, and long loops and ends, like the ends of a mantilla, falling from a point in front. Velvet, lace and passementeries are all used as ornaments for these vetements.

Small demi-saison mantles are also made of two materials, one forming a tight-fitting corsage, the second a kind of pelerine or short mantel, starting from the shoulders only.

In one very stylish model the corsage is of dark velvet, embroidered with mastic and gold. The pelerine joined at the shoulders and following the line of a nearly low bodice, is of fine mastic cloth pleated throughout, and draped at the waist behind with a bow of mastic satin ribbon.

A turned down revers or berthe of mastic satin covers the joining of the two materials and the pelerine is fastened on the chest with satin ribbon. The visite sleeves are dark red velvet with mastic satin paraments.

The chill winds of this too early autumn have produced endless varieties of boas, for the throat is liable to be attacked by the rude north-easter, and a warm wrap that nestles up close under the chin wards off many a cold.

Three yards and a-half of Pongee silk, pinked out all around, makes a very nice boa indeed, and so does crepe de Chine, scalloped and worked at the edges with the caught-over stitch which is often called button holing but it is not.

Ruchings of the striped gauze ribbons that have been so cheap lately are very much in vogue, and a good quiller can make up boas of this kind with great facility.

The ribbon must be quilled in double box-pleats, and fastened to a double band of sarcenet down the middle. Bows of very narrow ribbon to match, or rosettes with long loops, finish off each end; and a similar bow or rosette at the neck, under which the bow may be fastened looks extremely smart. About two yards is the proper length.

Ribbon is the newest, but ladies who have stores of black lace can join it together in the centre and then pleat in the same way, either put a narrow ruche of snipped out thin silk down the middle, or stitching moderate size black beads at regular and not too wide intervals. The former is the warmest.

The feather boas are lovely and rather expensive; but one must always pay for a good thing, which, nevertheless, does not soon wear out.

Homespuns are to be very much worn, and are always shown in many different hues. Of these the heather mixture and gray blue, are the dressiest, and are certain to commend themselves to those who admire neat gowns with good style and plenty of wear in them.

They will be made after the manner now finding so much favor in Paris—namely, with extremely plain drapery in front, and straight back drapery—and will be extremely useful for morning wear as long as our uncertain climate permits us the luxury of going without a jacket.

Homespun being of light weight, but warm and comfortable, fills a tiresome gap between the season of summer and the approach of winter, a season in which no woman of taste will wear chilly-looking summer garments, however much tempted to do so by the fact of having such garments by her untouched, owing to the unpropitious weather we have this season experienced. A cambric dress and a Leghorn hat be they beautiful indeed in themselves, present but sorry spectacles on a cold day. Homespun here step in, and will be found extremely useful.

It is because such very plain black draperies are coming into vogue, draperies which recall the graceful "Waterfall" of two or three years ago, that steels and large pads are being dispensed with.

Odds and Ends.

MORE ABOUT NEEDLEWORK.

Arrasene, either silk or wool, never suits any material so well as plush. The difficulty of work on plush with silk lies in the fact that the silks (and the same objection applies to wool) sink into the pile, and are apt to be lost. With arrasene, however, this is not the case. The fluffy nature causes it to give a pile to the embroidery of the plush, with excellent result.

A novel way of turning plush to account as a border for curtains or any large piece where a bold design is required is to cut the plush into strips averaging five inches in width, and to join the strips neatly and strongly into sufficient length, taking care that the pile falls all the same way.

A design, and it should be a very bold one, must be traced on the wrong side of the plush, and all the material outside the design cut away, leaving only the open-work pattern. This is to be laid quite flat on the curtain or other article to be ornamented, and kept in place by the help of a little, very little embroidery paste.

When this is quite dry, the raw edges of the plush are traced out with a line of narrow tinsel cord, held in place by narrow buttonhole stitches which are carried far enough into the surface of the plush, and are close enough together to effectually prevent it from fraying. A second line of cord or of plain tinsel may be carried round beyond the other should one not be considered sufficient.

The rest of the plush may be filled in with a variety of fancy stitches worked in various colors and materials, or it may be left entirely plain, according to fancy.

The plush in the latter case must exhibit a strong contrast of color or shade of color to that of the foundation material, or the work will give disappointment by not being sufficiently effective.

A beautiful toilet set, consisting of brush, comb and nightdress sachets may be worked on brown holland, a fine quality being chosen. The design is traced in a series of double lines, the material between which is filled in with white flax thread, worked in a series of close herring-bone stitches, which form a sort of network between the lines.

The design is traced out on each side of this network of Turkish stitches with a line of fine Japanese tinsel, which is caught down at quarter-inch intervals by a stitch flax thread. White lace mixed with tinsel serves well as a finish to these cases. Intending workers of this excellent style of embroidery will do well in selecting the new washing shot or plain gold thread.

Embroidery in white on an ecru foundation looks handsome if the design after it is worked be outlined with red ingrain cotton, some of the thicker knots and smaller proportions of the pattern being put in with the same.

Embroidery on crash, oatmeal cloth, and such coarse cotton materials has, for most high-class work, had its day. It was never very successful, the rough texture of such stuffs serving to turn the needle astray, and caused it to force its way where it was not wanted, thus giving an irregular appearance to the work.

Any embroidery of this sort that still lingers is worked only on the finest and most evenly woven of these cotton materials; the silks used are very fine and delicately shaded.

Linen woven in alternate wood and warp threads is still used for some articles, especially for embroidery with new flax threads, the manufacture of which has attained such a perfect state that they are scarcely to be distinguished from silk, upon which for many purposes, they are an improvement, as they not only wear well, but wash perfectly, and are to be had in many shades of color, all sufficiently artistic to please the most fastidious of workers.

A pretty and quaint-looking table-cover for a small table is made of a piece of brocade. All over this is worked a straggling design in chain-stitch, and fine silk of a pretty subdued tone of color. An old-gold foundation looks very well if the silk for the embroidery be chosen of that dull red tint, known as Indian-red.

In working a cloth of this kind, no attention whatever need be paid to the design of the brocade itself, the outlines of the embroidery should merely resemble it in character, and be taken over it quite irrespectively.

The so-called Mantilla embroidery is a novelty, and shows considerable ingenuity, both in design and method of working. Bands of gold-colored silk are laid upon a cotton of a dull neutral tint, and delicate stitchery carried over them in fine black silk, to give a very good idea of Spanish lace.

WATER AND STEAM.—When water once begins to boil it is impossible to raise its temperature any higher. All excess of heat is absorbed by the escaping steam as so-called latent heat, and is given out again when it condenses. We often speak of seeing the steam escaping from the spout of a kettle, but this incorrect. Steam is an invisible vapor, and we can no more see it than we can air. What we do see are the minute drops of water into which the steam condenses on coming into the cool air. If we boil water in a glass flask, we shall notice that nothing can be seen in the interior; and by observing the steam escaping from a kettle we shall notice that there is quite a distance between the end of the spout and the point where the cloud becomes visible. This cloud of steam is of exactly the same nature as the clouds which float in the sky, and are formed by the condensation of the steam, or aqueous vapor, present in the air.

SOME men have a Sunday soul, which they screw on in due time, and take off again every Monday morning.

Confidential Correspondents.

J. W.—The accent in "telegraphy" and "telegraphist" is on the second syllable."

MURIEL J.—The words in italics in the Bible are those added to make the real meaning more clear.

A. C. J.—The art of starching linen was brought here from England where it was introduced from Flanders, by a woman named Dinghein, in the year 1553.

SCHOLASTIC.—We do not believe in youths of seventeen indulging in tobacco; at the same time it will not be likely to stop your growth unless you smoke to excess.

HILL.—For your bleeding from the nose try immersing your hands in cold water directly it comes on. Ice applied to the bridge of the nose or sometimes to the naps of the neck is of service. If severe the nostrils may have to be plugged.

HOUSEWIFE.—To destroy the ants in your dresser, we should advise you to scrub it well with tobacco water. Another method is to dissolve camphor in spirits of wine, then mix with water, and thoroughly cleanse with the mixture the article infested with the insects.

DOUBTFUL.—As you know the gentleman so slightly, even though the acquaintance may have been for twelve months, we should certainly advise you not to send a birthday present to him. It would look rather unmaidenly, and he would probably think none the more of you for it.

WHITEMOUSE.—The notion of pouring oil on troubled waters is of immemorial antiquity. Probably it will never be known with whom the saying originated. Nor can it be said who first uttered the paradox of which the aphorism that "it is only the unexpected that happens" is only one form.

MUNGO.—Coffee is said to allay hunger by retarding the great waste in the tissues of the body; and with coffee to drink much less food is required. It is said to be an antidote to gout, and to have many medicinal virtues. Its most valuable property, however, is its power of relieving hunger and fatigue.

DEVON.—The eagle is the supporter of the lectern, because the eagle is the natural enemy of the serpent. It is also emblematic of St. John the Evangelist, because he, like the eagle, had looked on the Sun of Glory. The eagle was also one of the four figures of the cherub. The outspread wings are the two Testaments.

IGNORANCE.—You need not be afraid of the word "got," if it does sound broad. It is a perfectly legitimate word, and it is a false refinement which condemns it. In the sense of possession, however, it is usually unnecessary when the auxiliary verb is used, "I have the book" is better than "I have got the book."

ACCORD.—A person may live to an extreme old age, even if his lungs are not sound, providing there is no active mischief going forward. To take of any one saying only one lung is a loose way of speaking, which has but little foundation in fact; at all events a physician of careful habit of speech would never use such an expression.

OMEGA.—The solstices are the points of the ecliptic which are highest above the equator, where, the sun's motion in declination being imperceptible, the days remain sensibly unaltered in length for several days together, as they would do if the sun absolutely stood still; hence the name. The winter solstice, or day on which the sun reaches its declination south of the equator, is December 21st.

A. W.—The word phylactery is derived from the Greek; and, correctly speaking, means a preservative, or an amulet, such as the Pagans carried about with them to guarantee them from evils of all kinds, sickness and danger. They were composed of pieces of metal or stone, which were engraved under certain aspects of the planets. In the East people wear them to this day, not only for self-preservation, but also for their animals.

GOLDEN R.—Clytie was a water nymph, who was in love with Apollo. She met with no return to her love, and was changed into a sunflower, which was supposed, always turns to the sun throughout his daily course. Thus the busts are represented as arising out of the leaves of a sunflower. But the tale of the sunflower turning to the sun is a poetical fiction. The true cause of the sunflower's name is that it resembles a pictured sun.

ARTHUR.—There are many active volcanoes. Stromboli, in the Lipari Islands, has been always active in the memory of man. Villarica, in Peru, and Mouna Loa, in Hawaii, are burning constantly. The most violently active mountain is said to be Sangay, south-east of Quito, Ecuador, which has been in full eruption since 1728. The explosions make a continual roar, and have been heard at 345 geographical miles' distance. 230 explosions have been counted in an hour—a dreadful neighbor to live in the vicinity of. It is 17,000 feet high.

ANNIE J.—1. Nature "gives us the hint of Gothic architecture" in the natural vistas in which forest trees often range themselves, the branches meeting overhead so as to produce an effect like that of a succession of pointed arches. 2. Rio Grande is the name of two provinces of Brazil, both of them maritime. 3. The most famous devastators in history are Attila the Hun, Alaric the Goth, and Genseric the Vandal, all of whom flourished, and did their best to prevent their fellow-creatures from flourishing, in the fifth century. But even they must yield the palm, as destroyers, to Timur, or Tamerlane, the Tartar, who ravaged the East in the fourteenth century.

A. G.—To impress letters and other marks upon leather—for instance, the cover of a book—it must first be dusted over with the powdered dried white of eggs or gum mastic, on which the gold leaf is laid. The iron tools or stamps should previously have been arranged on a rack before a clear fire, so as to be well heated without becoming red hot. The stamp should be tested as to its heat on the raw side of a piece of leather previous to its being used; a little practice will enable one to judge of the necessary heat. The tool is then pressed downwards on the gold leaf, which will be indented and show the figure on the leather. By this operation the gum is melted, consequently the gold adheres to the leather; as the superfluous leaf may be wiped off with a cloth.